THE NEW LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL — Fully Illustrated
July 1913 Price Sixpence

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So writes the proud mother of Constance Delia Astington, 14 Southcote Road, Tufnell Park, London, N., and the photograph may well be left to tell its own convincing story. The value of has been proved in thousands upon thousands of lin's contains everything necesfirm flesh, sound bone, and all vigorous health,-above all, it can be assimilated by any child from birth onwards. Mellin's is starch free, and is prepared instantly without cooking.

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You must get one of these "Happy Moment" books. It will tell you all about the great Kodak Happy Moment Prizes. It will show you how to win £1000 with six happy snapshots.

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Try this Famous Cure for Greyness—FREE!

DISCOVERY WHICH RESTORES NATURAL COLOUR TO GREY AND WHITE HAIR WITHOUT THE USE OF DYES

Immensely Improves Your Appearance and Makes You Look Years Younger.

Every reader whose hair is grey has now the opportunity of trying a famous cure for Greyness-free of

The discoverer of this new Greyness cure is Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, who founded Harlene "Hair Drill," and his name alone is a guarantee of the efficacy of the new treatment.

But a further proof that "Astol" does really restore the natural colour to hair which has become faded and discoloured lies in the experiences of the thousands who have already tested it.

GREYNESS OF 15 YEARS' STANDING CURED

"Astol has restored the colour to my hair per-

fectly," writes a lady who had been troubled with Greyness for 15 years. "There is not a grey hair in my head now. My hair is now exactly the same colour that it was 15 years ago, and it looks so light and glossy. I can never thank you enough.'

"I have used Astol on my hair and moustache. writes a Major in the Army. "Both were formerly iron grey, but Astol has brought back all the lost colour, and my hair looks just the same as it was when I was a subaltern."

"What I like about Astol," writes another correspondent, "is that it is not a dye. I could never bring myself to colour my hair artificially. although I did not like my greyness making me

look so much older than I really was. has brought about a natural restoration of my hair's former colour, with the result that I now look actually younger instead of older than my age. Please send another bottle for my husband, as he wants to try the wonderful remedy which has, in his words, made me look a bride again."

These are examples of similar letters which reach the Astol headquarters daily from delighted users of this marvellous discovery.

THE MOST CONVINCING PROOF OF ALL

Mr. Edwards recognises that the most convincing proof of all is the personal test.

He will, accordingly, send to every reader who forwards the coupon printed opposite the following free trial Astol treatment

THIS TRIAL PACKAGE IS SENT YOU

(I) A trial bottle of "Astol."

(2) A presentation copy of a book "Good News for the Grey-Haired," which fully describes this discovery, details the best way how to use it, and APPLICATION explains its wonderful dycless action.

As this book shows, and as Astol proves, this discovery is entirely different from the artificial dves with which many grey-haired people colour their hair from outside.

Astol, on the contrary, causes the hair to restore its own colour by its action upon the colour-forming cells of the hair-roots.

The function of these cells is to supply the hair with colour. Sometimes these cells become weak, fatigued, and ill-nourished. Then it is that the bair loses its colour and becomes grey. Astol, by its special action on the pigment cells, causes them to re-supply the hair with its former colour. Greynes and all hair discoloration (even of many year)

standing) vanish as the result of this Astol-revivification of the dorman pigment cells. Your hair will recover all its lost colour, and you yourself look many years younger after using Astol.



TAKES UP NO TIME

A pleasing quality of Astol is that its application only takes two or three minutes. There is no lengthy and tiresome ' painting " as with a dye.

Further, when Astol has restored your bair's colour, you will no longer need to use it every day, as you must do with dyed hair. Just an oc-casional re-application every now and then is all that is required to keep your hair in perlect colour.

Hair which has lost its colour as the result of--illness, or -a sudden shock, -worry and overwork, -advancing years,

is quickly and permanently restored by Astol, The usual way of obtaining Astol is in 2/9 or 46 bottles of all leading chemists and stores in the British Isles, or direct and post free from Edwards Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, W.C. orders, freight extra.

"FOR CUR	ING GREYNESS	" FREE COUPON
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	To the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.
	Dear Sirs. I should like to test the merits of the Astol method
	Please send the Free Trial Treatment (in plain scale)
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Because the Hall's Distemper wall surface, soft and velvety though it appears to the eye, is hard and cement-like; therefore, unlike wallpaper, it neither absorbs dust nor the atmospheric moisture that binds it in, nor odours of cooking, etc.

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Still Supremely the Best.

Note the underlined words.

For underlining the above words we have to thank a correspondent in Hull, who, seeing our announcement in the "Daily Mail," of February 7th, cut it out, underlined the words "STILL SUPREMELY THE BEST," and sent it to us, with this testimonial written across the announcement:—

"As the result of 17 years' experience of your 'Koh-i-noor' Pencils, I can thoroughly endorse the above."

Take a "Koh-i-noor" home with you tonight. Compare it with any other pencil you like. You'll note a difference—and the difference will be all in favour of the "Kohi-noor"

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Dear Mr. Huskinson,

With regard to my 23 h.p. Daimler. As you know, I sent it to your repair shop after having run nearly 30,000 miles, and it required practically nothing done to it. Since then I have been running it daily, and though I have not taken the mileage, I should say it has done another 5,000 miles, and it goes with the same regularity and reliability.

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I have only stopped once for any mechanical reason, and that was only a split pin in connection with the water pump, had sheared off and was put right in a few minutes.

I cannot speak too highly of this car.

Yours very truly,

(Signed)

CHARLES R. CROMPTON.



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To Alison, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

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Write to-day for Booklet Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.

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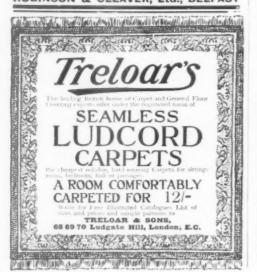
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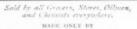
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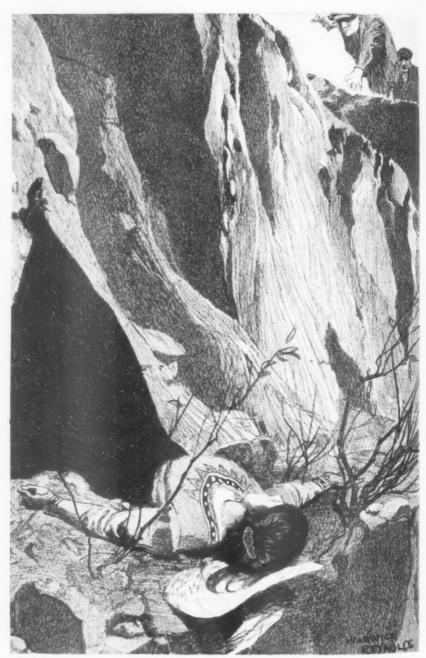
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"Voices were calling from above,
"Keep still! We are coming!" -p. 824.

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VOL. XLVIII., No. 9

JULY, 1913

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

A Story of Married Life

By AGNES GIBERNE

SHE sat on one side of the fireplace, and he stood on the other. She was young and good-looking. He was elderly, and the reverse of good-looking. But somehow they had drawn together during the last six weeks. Behind his back she called him smilingly "an old dear"; while behind her back he spoke of her with approval as "an excellent specimen of womankind." This does not sound lover-like; but he was not a modern lover. He belonged to a bygone age.

"I had made up my mind-almostnever to marry," she said.

He measured with scientific accuracy the force of that word—" almost."

"Why should I?" she mused aloud.
"I'm not rich; but I have enough to get
on with."

"You are not one to marry for wealth."
"And I have friends in plenty."

"Marriage means more than friendship," he suggested.

" I can do exactly what I like now."

"That might continue." He beamed upon her mildly.

"Married life is so different!" She spoke with an air of consideration, gazing into the fire. "A wife must always think first of what he likes."

The Professor approved of this. "Therein she finds her happiness," he said.

"And does he find his happiness in always thinking first of what she likes?"

Her question presented a view which was new to him. But after a moment's hesitation he agreed with an "Unquestionably."

"Of course I"—and she paused—"I have sometimes felt it a little dull, living alone; having no one to welcome me when I come in, or to hear things that I want to tell. I've sometimes felt it so—as if I needed something or somebody. But that may be only a spirit of discontent. And on the whole I've got on well for five years by myself."

"It is not discontent. You require—somebody," asserted the Professor, who had made up his mind to be the Somebody. Their talk had begun with a definite intimation from him to that effect; and she seemed in no hurry to respond.

He stood now regarding her with an air of pathetic and solemn interest. She found herself wishing that he would stand straight upon his two feet, instead of slouching over to one side. But she had a profound admiration for intellect in any form, and the Professor was extremely intellectual. It was, perhaps, only to be expected that the bodily portion of him should come off second best.

He was a very able man, everybody said; and, some added, an excruciatingly ugly one! But his very ugliness was in type intellectual; and he had the art of saying the right thing on occasion. Few could moralise better than he—on other people's duties.

He was spectacled, round-shouldered, shuffling in gait; and his clothes might have been constructed for any human being rather than for himself.

These defects worried Madge, who was in person dainty, and in tastes particular. But she supposed that, if she should decide to marry him, she would grow used to his ways and would cease to be disturbed by them. After all, they were not The Man, she argued; they were mere adjuncts. The Real Man was gifted, original in mind, and in aims lofty. If not especially good to look at, he was good to hear. He had a mellifluous voice, and appropriate sentences would flow sonorously—when the mood was upon him.

Madge had lived alone for years in a small flat, having, as she intimated, an income sufficient for her needs. She found plenty to do in the parish and among her friends, of whom, as aforesaid, she had many. Yet at times she suffered from loneliness; and a picture of married life, ideal in quality, would at such seasons rise before her mental vision as a thing to be desired. Then, suddenly, she found that the "thing" might, if she chose, be hers. Professor Floyd came to spend part of his summer vacation in the town where she had passed her thirty-one years of life, and was brought into touch with her. Straightway he showed signs of being enthralled! To the amazement of Madge's friends, she seemed not unwilling to respond to his advances.

Yet when he put the plain question, couched in language circuitous though unmistakable, she hesitated and dallied. That she did not at once reply with a ready "Yes" rather amazed the Professor. But he knew—or he thought he knew—Woman. So he met her doubts with a serene confidence, and assumed already an air of possession. He meant to have her. It was simply a question of time.

She was pleasant to look upon; well and simply dressed. The Professor had not the remotest notion what she wore; but he was conscious of a soothing effect. She did not, like most people, and especially most women, jar upon his nerves. He rejoiced in nerves of an abnormally sensitive make.

Perhaps the force of his will influenced hers. As she sat thinking, lost in thought, he was saying to himself, "She will have me. This is feminine play. She will have me." And when she lifted her eyes he knew that he had won. Again he mildly beamed on her, stooping over sideways to express his pleasure. And again she wished that he would carry himself differently; for she came of a soldier family.

Yet she had no wish to draw back. She had counted the cost—or she thought she had—and she meant to meet her new life without fear. The Professor said a great many nice things, couched in beautiful language, about the charms and the duties of married life. Something in a back corner of her mind suggested that he might have deferred his moralisings to a later day. But she listened with a smile, and refused to be critical.

II

"YOU! You—to marry the old Professor!" remonstrated Madge's particular friend, Rose Leith, speaking out her mind freely, as the two had been wont to do to each other. "That dried-up old stick! Are you dreaming? Or am I? My dear, he's the age of an Egyptian mummy, and much more dull. What can have put it into your head?"

" He is about fifty—"
" Seventy, you mean."

"No. fifty! Fifty-three, to be exact. That for a man is nothing. If I were fifty it would be another matter. A man of fifty is as young as a woman of thirty-five."

"That's rather excessive. I know the popular theory. But it all depends on the individual. Some men of fifty are older than some women of sixty. No, it's not common, I grant. But one does see it. Some people never grow old; and others never were young. The Professor is that sort. He must have been an antique in his cradle."

"You didn't know him then."

" Thank goodness, no."

"And it is not a question of your liking, but of mine. If he and I are fond of each other—"

" If!" interjected Rose,

"He is an old dear. And he is quite devoted to me."

Rose threw up despairing hands.

"Madge, I do beseech you, wait. Take time to think it over. Marriage at the best is a hazardous step. Suppose that afterwards n she wished differently; lly.

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"'You! You-to marry the old Professor!
Are you dreaming? Or am I?'"

Drawn by W. Reynolds.

-when it can't be undone-you don't find him all you expect?"

"I'm not forming unreasonable expectations. He is not perfection, of course. Nor am I."

"You are much nearer to it than he is. No, it is not perfection that you want. But you do want something—something likeable,"

Madge intimated with dignity that she found her Professor extremely likeable.

"So you fancy now. But how much do you know of him? A six-weeks' acquaint-ance!"

"One's knowledge of a person doesn't depend on the number of weeks that one has known him. It depends more on the number of times that one has met him—and still more on how those times have been used. Six weeks may mean more than six months."

"No good my saying any more, I suppose, You've made up your mind. But I wish I could make you see. It is not like any other step in life. It means so frightfully much, If he is what I think him, you will find your-

self caged—hopelessly. No getting away. Slavery for the rest of your days—so long as he lives."

"You are talking the greatest nonsense, Rose, and it is not right. I can't let you go on. It is not loyal to the man I have promised to marry."

"I want you to be loyal to yourself first."

"You may be quite happy about me. I shall look upon it as my greatest happiness, as well as my duty, to live for him, and to help him in his work. You have no idea what a mind his is—or how much he is looked up to."

Rose shrugged unbelieving shoulders, "When is it to come off?"

"He thinks he can get a fortnight or so away from work in about six weeks."

" So soon!"

"The sooner the better." Rose's vehement opposition had only stiffened Madge's determination, as perhaps Rose might have expected. "We shall be content with quite a short honeymoon now, and put off further travelling till the summer."

" A honeymoon with an Egyptian mummy can't be too short."

Madge showed annoyance, and Rose departed in a huff. But the Professor beamed upon his fiancée through a pair of very large and very round spectacles, and Madge tasted the sweets of being the one individual of importance in somebody else's eyes. The last week of his stay fled on wings.

When he was gone she had her trousseau to get, which filled her time and thoughts, rather to the exclusion of the Professor, except when his letters arrived. He could express himself well on paper, though he had not learnt brevity. Sometimes, when much occupied with her dressmaker, Madge would put off reading his voluminous outpourings for hours, though not without an apologetic murmur, "What an old dear it is."

Then came the wedding, with the still resentful Rose as a bridesmaid—resentful towards the bridegroom, not the bride, whom she heartily pitied. This was followed by the fortnight abroad, during which the Professor remained yet the lover, full of pride in the prize he had won, doing his best to be agreeable.

On the whole he succeeded. If only he had not been quite so anxious never to get his feet wet, never to over-exert himself, never to eat what might disagree with his internal arrangements. If only he had not quite so often reported to his bride how he had slept or had not slept, how he had eaten or had not eaten, how his pulse and his temperature were behaving or misbehaving themselves. Madge had always detested and despised any kind of health fuss, and had always insisted that people ought to wait to be asked how they were, before making allusion to such an uninteresting topic.

But she knew that married life must have its drawbacks, no less than single life; that perfection was no more to be found in the one than in the other. Again she told herself, as she had done earlier, that this was not the Real Man. These were only little excrescences, little necessary defects in a large nature. They had not made their appearance before the wedding day; and she put them down now to the absence of his regular employments. No doubt it was a case of an over-active mind, driven to dwell too much upon itself. When they were settled at home—that home, to

which Madge so looked forward, with all its promise of wide intellectual interests—all would come right.

III

"THIS steak is overdone, Madge,"

The Professor pecked dolefully at his helping with one prong of his fork, and his face was puckered into a small landscape of ridges and hollows, the lower lip drooping.

Madge heard in silence.

"It is atrociously overdone! Disgracefully! I cannot possibly cat overdone meat. It disagrees with me—as you ought by this time to be aware."

Madge bit her lip. "I'm quite aware of it," she said.

"If proper care had been taken, it could not have happened. A cook will always be as careless as she is allowed to be. An efficient mistress produces an efficient servant. If the mistress pays due attention to her household, the servant will pay due attention to her duties." These platitudes were given forth with the air of one announcing some vast discovery. "It is most reprehensible on her part."

Madge was again silent,

"It is impossible that I should eat such stuff; and I shall not have had sufficient sustenance to carry me through my afternoon's work. I shall suffer in consequence. I really think, my dear, that you ought to pay some regard to my requirements."

"Are you going to give a lecture this

afternoon?"

The Professor disliked abrupt questions and sudden charges of topic. He was accustomed to lead, not to be led, in conversation.

"My dear, I was speaking about the steak," he said; and he pecked at it once more, disconsolately, with one prong of his fork.

"I can have something else cooked for you, if you like."

"Impossible that I should wait. My avocations do not admit of delays. And unless my meals are absolutely punctual, I always suffer in my digestion. In half an hour—to the moment—I must start; and I cannot leave immediately after eating."

Another slow peck turned the meat upsidedown. The Professor sighed loudly.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

"Lecturing is a thankless task. A thankless task. Not one listener in fifty appreciates what he hears. This steak, my dear—" He stood up slowly. "This steak ought to have been as tender as a chicken. A little ordinary care, and I should not have to do my work upon no nourishment."

"Pudding and fruit are coming." Madge touched the gong.

"I thank you. I thank you. But having had no meat, I could not digest sweets. There is nothing for me but to go without food altogether."

The next course promptly appeared. It was the Professor's favourite pudding, loved by him beyond all other concoctions. He hovered to and fro between table and door, with fresh protestations; but in the end he sat down and disposed of a large helping.

Then he vanished, and his wife was left alone.

She gave one little gasp of oppression, and went quickly upstairs to her own boudoir, a charming room and a delightful refuge from downstairs worries. Domestic scenes of this type had been a matter of daily occurrence during the last two months, since the return from their short honeymoon. Madge had striven to meet them bravely, and not to make too much of them. Somehow, to-day's luncheon came as the one drop too much in a full cup. It seemed to be, not itself alone, but an embodiment of all previous luncheons and dinners. They rose in a vast heap before her mental eyes, shadowing the future as well as the past.

Shutting the door, she stood at the window with locked hands, gazing out but seeing nothing. A pretty garden lay below; and, beyond countless roofs, were the outlines of distant hills. Garden and hills might alike have been desolate wastes, for all the impression that they made upon her. She saw only the dining-room that she had left, with that single, discontented figure, stooping over the rejected food; and she heard only the slow, fretful, complaining voice.

And this was the man, she told herself, to whom she had promised her heart's



"'This steak is overdone, Madge ! It is atrociously overdone!'"

Drawn by W. Reynolds.

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devotion. An egoist, pure and simple. She said the words aloud, passionately. A being wrapped up in himself, with no interest to spare for aught beyond his own health, his own occupations, his food, his work, his sensations, his ideas. He had wanted a wife, no doubt—to keep him comfortable, to spare him trouble, to act as his admiring listener. But that was all. He had not wanted her for herself.

Such thoughts surged through her mind; and vehement resentment had her in its grip. From a two-months' struggle not to see, not to admit how things really were, she passed at one bound to a mood of unqualified condemnation.

"It is contemptible. Nothing but himself. Nothing but his own wants—his own comfort. He is to have everything. I am to give everything. He does not care what becomes of my happiness, so long as he has what he wants."

And to this poor specimen of humanity—so, in her present pitiless mood, she dubbed him—she was tied with bonds that could not be loosened.

She panted like a caged creature at the thought. With the force of a tidal wave carrying everything before it, the consciousness of what she had done, the realisation of her own position, rolled over her. She saw—or thought she saw—her husband in the unvarnished reality of his being. She knew—or thought she knew—what life must mean thenceforth for his wife.

Mere excrescences! These things were nothing of the kind. They were the man himself. They were essentially part of his character. No case, this, of a fine nature with attendant weaknesses. Rather was it the case of a weak and selfish nature, without nobility.

Rose had warned her, and she had refused to listen. She had been too sure of her own judgment, too impatient of advice. She had acted with impulsive haste. She had taken upon herself these life-shackles, as lightly as she might have donned a new coat and skirt. But the coat and skirt could have been discarded at will. The husband could not.

IV

A^S she stood, trembling under the wave of realisation, it seemed to Madge that she could not endure her bondage; that she must find some way out. She felt like rushing away, fleeing wildly to the world's end.

Things were so utterly different from what she had expected. After their brief honeymoon the Professor had dropped his lover-like ways, had ceased his efforts to be agreeable, had sunk automatically into what she now recognised to be his normal self.

Ever since, daily, the continual complaining, the continual talk about his own health, the continual discussion of his own interests, had gone on without intermission. It she tried to get in a word about her concerns, her friends, no hearing was vouchsafed. With an impatient, "Yes--yes!" would come an instant reversion to his own line of thought.

Those mental delights which she had expected were non-existent. The Professor kept his intellectual side for his lectures, and for acquaintances. He spared nothing of it for his wife. He only required her, as a matter of course, to be always at hand, always well and cheerful and sympathetic, never preoccupied.

" It is slavery!" she said aloud.

She thought of that happy freedom which she had flung away; the freedom to do and be what she chose; the freedom to see her old friends, now parted by distance; the freedom to please herself, to live her own life. Sometimes she had suffered from loneliness; but everybody must be lonely on occasions. What was that to this far werse isolation of being tied to one with whom she was not in sympathy, one who did not attempt to understand her, one whom she could not love?

Yes; and one by whom she was not beloved. There lay the crux of the matter. If he had loved her—but he did not. She said the words aloud vehemently: "He does not! He does not! He is as cold as ice!" And she felt herself to be a lump of ice towards him. What manner of life could result from such conditions?

Madge was terror-stricken—less at her own position than at the force and wildness of her revolt. It was the culmination of weeks of strain. She had fought hard to be natural and cheerful; had striven persistently to look upon his moods as a temporary phase, due to health. And all at once her defences had broken down, leaving her face to face with the realities,

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

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Again the frantic longing to escape surged up. Escape! But there was no escape. A voice spoke in her heart, and would not be denied. She was bound to her husband for life. "Till death us do part," had been her vow. Death might lie far ahead—ten, twenty, thirty years away. Could she endure it?

She had to endure it. There was no way out. None—for a woman of high principle, for one who believed in the absolute sanctity of marriage.

Till now she had stood, statue-like, with clasped hands. All at once she could keep still no longer. She was wild for movement and fresh air. Catching up hat and gloves, she fled, meeting no one by the way, till clear of the garden.

A lane beyond took her to the verge of the town, and thence she crossed field after field, climbing stiles in haste, hurrying towards a large common, beyond which she gained the foot of a hill, which she mounted at the same breathless speed, finding relief in rapid progress. Towards the summit she had to climb a steep grass-slope, stiff enough to suggest an easier pace.

This suggestion she did not follow, but went upwards still with unabated speed, till the top was reached. It had taken a good hour to get there, and young and vigorous though she was, her powers were failing.

Spent at last, she sank on the grass, and in the quiet she could hear her heart beating like a kettle-drum. A fair scene lay outspread before her, with patches of wood, undulating meadows, fields of young corn, and a winding river that glistened like silver in the sunlight. Behind her was the slope she had ascended; before her, three yards off, the headland edge, where a rocky descent went down for twenty or more feet to a wide ledge on which grass and bushes grew, and thence steeply onward for another two hundred feet.

No human being was within sight. The stillness gripped her imagination. She was glad to be here; far from home; out of reach of him!

Was she out of reach? As she waited, panting, the Professor's wrinkled face rose before her mind, and his voice sounded fretfully in her ears.

Would she never again be free from him.

even in thought? She forgot the view, forgot the sunshine and the rich colouring. Her whole attention was once more bent inwards.

Had this bondage come from Heaven direct, without action of her own, then the trouble would have been less unbearable. It was maddening to know that she had brought it on herself; that she had deliberately put herself into fetters, never dreaming what they must mean.

Never dreaming, never understanding—and—never praying for guidance. There was the great blunder. If she had definitely prayed to be led, to be kept from a false step, and had definitely waited until in some manner the Divine response came, she would surely have been guarded from this fatal mistake. But she had never even thought of doing so.

It was not as if Madge were a prayerless woman. She had gone through her usual daily prayers, had asked for "blessings" in general for herself and her friends. But for guidance in this most weighty decision, a decision which would make or mar the life-happiness of herself and of another, she had not prayed. She had taken the step hastily, impulsively, relying on her own judgment only.

Now, it was done. The step once taken could not be reversed. The fetters once assumed could not be shaken off. The vows she had made were utterly binding. There was no lawful mode of escape. If she had recklessly spoilt her own life, she was not at liberty to spoil also her husband's life.

The stern word DUTY rose up and confronted her. If joy were dead, duty remained. That could not be put aside. He was her husband! She was his wife! The question before her was—not the irrevocable past, but the inevitable future.

Time spent in regrets was wasted. She had to live her present life; had to meet the coming days and years. To yield herself a victim to moods of bitter resentment, of harsh condemnation, would make it impossible to carry out her duty. Such moods, indulged in, warp the mind and paralyse the powers. She had to wear her shackles. The only choice left was—how she would wear them.

Before marriage she had not prayed for guidance. It was not too late. She might pray now.

That brought her to her knees. On the Ione hill-top, with bowed head and streaming tears, she poured out her very heart to One Who would hear and understand, and pity; One Who could give the help she so desperately needed.

How long she knelt there, oblivious of aught beyond this sudden unloosening of speech, this certainty of the Divine Presence,

she could not have told. The sense of time was blotted out. When she again stood up she was calm, and a new strength possessed her. Life, though difficult, no longer

looked impossible.

" If only my husband loved me, things would be easier," she murmured aloud. " I could learn then to love him. If he were not so cold-so indifferent. But perhaps -that may come."

She looked up at the blue dome overhead trustfully. Yes; that might come.

MADGE was still alone; no human being in sight. A faint sound of voices was wafted from behind; but she hardly noticed it. She would have to go home soon, for the Professor would expect her at tea; and she glanced at her watch. It was tea-time already!

He would have to take tea alone for once. She went close to the edge and stood there, gazing over the expanse below. The beauty of the scene gripped her, now that her mind was free to attend. It was a world of sunshine on which she looked. And in this fair world she too might yet find brightness. Though she had decided with foolish haste on a step which must tell upon all her future life, there remained still possibilities of joy.

She did not know that the edge on which she stood actually overhung the steep descent. A winter of severe frosts had split the rock and loosened the soil, and heavy spring rains had carried on the work of disintegration, hollowing out a space just underneath her present position.

From behind sounded a shout of warning. Two men, mounting the hill by the same way that she had come, caught a glimpse of her, and instantly realised the danger. She heard, but misunderstood, not supposing the call to be meant for herself, though she dreamily half turned to discover its source. The movement brought her yet closer to the edge, and the shelf broke away.

She found herself going in a swift rush through the air. No doubt it was in part a rolling fall, not sheer down all the way; but of this she had no consciousness. There was nothing, so far as she knew, to clutch at, nothing to be done. She had no sense of fear. Thought at such a time is rapid, and in one moment many thoughts flashed through her mind.

Would this be the end? Was this the Divine answer to her petitions? Were her difficulties to be thus met? It was almost as if her spirit stood quietly apart, waiting to see what would befall its useful servant,

the body.

Then it seemed to Madge that the whole hill-top was falling with her, and she wondered-would she be buried beneath the debris? Next she was aware of a sharp

concussion, still without pain.

All this she could recall later. After the shock of concussion came a blank, from which she slowly emerged, to find herself lying on the broad ledge, some little way down. Scattered earth and stones spoke of the broken projection; otherwise, to her surprise, she alone had fallen. She caught a glimpse of blue sky, and saw a small bush that grew between herself and the verge. She wondered vaguely how she was to get to the top.

Voices were calling from above. "Keep still! Don't move! We are coming! She tried to respond, and then, despite the prohibition, made an involuntary attempt to stir. Pain at once stopped that, and

darkness again descended.

It seemed a very long while afterwards when she once more came to, not now on the rocky ledge, but at home in her bed, The room was partly darkened, and some body in a nurse's dress stood watchfully near. Somebody else sat on the other side, with bent head and furrowed, distressful face. When she made a slight sound he came forward and bent over her.

"Madge! My dear! My dear!" he

faltered.

It was an immense surprise to Madge Even in her weakness she could hardly contain her amazement to see a tear stealing down his cheek. She had thought him cold, hard, indifferent. Had she so misjudged him? Did he really mind so much?

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d hardly r stealing him cold, nisjudged She put out her left hand with caution—the right could not be moved—and touched his wrist.

"Am I badly hurt?" she whispered.

The nurse interposed. "No, no—you'll soon be better. You've just got to keep quiet." A warning glance was dispatched to the Professor, which he did notsee, though Madge did.

"I should like to know, please," murmured Madge. "It seems as if I could hardly move. Where am I hurt?"

She looked away from the nurse to her husband. He tried to speak, but voice failed him. She put up her free hand towards his face, and he caught and kissed it fervently.

"My poor, poor Madge!" he said.

"I see. Yes. Then I am not to get well."

The Professor again strove hard to say something, and broke down utterly.

His sobs filled the room. Nurse, after vainly protesting, caught sight of the doctor's motor stopping at the front door, and hurried away for a word with him. Madge, left alone with her husband, said gently: "Please don't! It's all right."

She put her left hand softly on his head, now bowed down upon the bed-clothes.

"Don't, dear! It doesn't matter. But I'm glad to know that you care—just a little." "Care!" The Professor lifted a face of blank amazement, forgetting to sob. "Did

you say—care?"

Before she could answer the doctor walked in, followed by the nurse.



' Madge! My dear! My dear!'
he faltered."

Drawn by W. Reunolds.

"Hallo!" he said. "That won't do, Professor. You promised to behave yourself."

No explanations were allowed. He took the Professor by the arm and turned him out of the room. Then he came back, sat down, and studied his patient.

"You might as well let him stay," she whispered.

" I think not."

"Could it make any difference—if—I am not to get well?"

"I hope you are going to get well."

"My husband seems to think—"

"He is distressed at your accident; and no wonder!"

THE QUIVER

"But I should like to know, please,

really-what is wrong."

The doctor's hand came on her wrist. "You are damaged, of course—couldn't expect anything else. Two ribs broken, and a good many bruises; and the fall has been a severe shock. So I cannot allow any excitement. But if you are a good patient, and do as you are told, there is not the slightest reason why you should not recover." (She looked dubiously at him.) "I am speaking absolute truth. I fully expect to see you yourself again in a few weeks. Only, for the present, quiet is essential. Your husband would not stay away, and I thought I could depend upon his self-control. It seems that I cannot."

"I don't see why he——" Madge paused. A smile curved the doctor's lips. "Poor old Professor! Pardon me—we all call him that, you know, though really he isn't old. But he is always easily upset by anything

that touches him closely. And, of course, everybody knows that he worships the ground you tread on."

"Does he?" Madge with difficulty kept out an intonation of surprise,

"Why, to be sure! You know he does, Mrs. Floyd."

If she knew it now, she had not known it some minutes earlier. Further talk was forbidden, and she lay quietly, thinking.

So others had seen the love to which she herself had been blind! She had thought how much easier life would become, if only she could be sure of his love. She was sure of it now. That ought to make all the difference to her future. No doubt he would be trying and difficult. No doubt she would have to fight hard for patience; to fight hard against a judging and censorious spint. But she would not be able again rightly to question his real devotion to herself. She would know that he loved her!



THROUGH LOSS

IF your life's journey lay 'neath summer skies,

'Mid flower-filled gardens, where the rippling stream
Kept time to song-birds singing, and Love's dream
Were not more sweet than Love's realities—
If that had been your fate—would your dear eyes
Have learnt the look they have, which makes them seem
Deep wells of sweet compassion? Should we deem
Your heart so true—your words so wondrous wise?

Nay, but I know enough to know that naught
Brings power to men but loss. Ay, loss must be!
Each word and deed of power is battle-bought;
And only lives, lopped bare, as that grim Tree
Which dominates the world, have ever brought
Such blossom forth, meet for Eternity!

KATB MELLERSH.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH INDEPENDENCY?

An Impartial Inquiry

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

The whole Church is concerned in the weakness of one of her members. For some time past there has been an uneasy feeling at the state of organised religion in this country. Particularly is this the case with the Independent Churches—the Congregationalists and the Baptists. What is wrong? I have asked a reliable Commissioner to make a careful, frank and fair investigation. Here is his report.

THE annual returns of Baptist and Congregational Churches this year again disappointed the anticipations concerning the stoppage of the decline in membership and Sunday scholars. For several years the leakage has continued in varying proportions. First one district bore the responsibility, and then another, until the "long lane" seems almost unending. This, however, is not the time for pessimism, nor does religious history warrant its indulgence. Set-backs and difficulties there may be, but under right conditions the Gospel has in the past triumphed over failure, and every intelligent observer is assured of its ultimate victory. With optimism and courage, therefore, the Churches may face the future, if they are prepared to combine wisdom, efficiency and grace in their fight for righteousness

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The Editor of THE QUIVER has instructed me to inquire into some of the reasons for the decline in Independency. He stipulated that the investigation should be conducted in the spirit of frankness and fairness, and with a hopeful eye towards the future. On this basis the following conditions are submitted: (1) The Latest Statistics; (2) Some Present-day Aspects of the Christian Ministry and Religious Activities; and (3) The Way of Revival.

I.-THE LATEST STATISTICS

Some people express their weariness of statistics and decline to accept these as a satisfactory guide. Admitting that figures cannot provide the only reference, it would be childish, on the other hand, to ignore annual comparisons offered by the central authorities. To shut your eyes to facts when unpalatable, but plume yourself like

the peacock if these are favourable, is a birdlike attitude and contrary to businesslike methods. With every regret for the falling-off, but with the desire to appreciate the position with accuracy, the following figures are quoted:

Since 1906 the Baptists have suffered a yearly decrease until their membership is now 18,000 lower than it was at that period, whilst taking the same comparison their Sunday scholars are less by nearly 20,000. The statistics for 1912, as compared with those for 1911, show a decrease of 2,231 members and 4,924 Sunday scholars.

Congregationalists have not suffered to the same extent as Baptists since 1906, and their decline for the past year is also less (though their total membership is greater), viz.: 2,221 church members and 3,178 Sunday scholars.

Taken together, the two Churches have lost on the past year 12,554 adults and juveniles. Of these totals the Baptists have declined to the extent of 7,155, whilst the Congregationalists show a decrease of 5,399.

II.—SOME PRESENT-DAY ASPECTS

The present age is materialistic. The motorcar has speeded up every form of pleasure, and English society can never be exactly the same as it was before the car carried everything before it in triumph. Churches have experienced the debilitating effects of the week-end habit on the part of their wellto-do members. In order to cure them of fancied ills, injury has been done to the Church and to the causes their fathers held dear and sacred. The love of pleasure pervades every class. We are not kill-joys, and the desire for enjoyment is partly legitimate; but its unlimited pursuit causes loss to the Church and the interest it represents. Ministers cannot be blamed for tendencies that are universal, except so far as they have contributed to a lowering of ideals and to the removal of ancient landmarks in religious work and experience.

A careful study of the Christian ministry shows that the Church is suffering because of lazy and inefficient ministers. One of the ablest and most devoted pastors in the Churches, who has many opportunities for judging the situation, confirms this impres-"I cannot say this in public," he once told the writer, "but I know it is the case from the evidences that come before me during the year." Independency affords many refuges for this class of shepherd, His officers are often local tradesmen, who may or may not endeavour to keep him up to the mark. If he is flagrantly idle they can terminate the pastorate, but oftentimes he is shrewd enough to attend more or less mechanically to the usual dutiesthe Sunday and week-night serviceswhilst neglecting those special and unique opportunities that every true pastor recognises as unmistakable openings.

Business success is usually attained by the genius who supplies something more than the routine and conventional. He discovers possibilities and enters in with his venture of faith. A pastor can find many avenues to the people in his locality. Human needs are clamant during every one of the 365 days in a year. He can assuage sorrow, sympathise with the bereaved, lift up the fallen, encourage the worker, inspire the faithless, visit the homes of his people, and exhort the sinner. The lazy and inefficient minister rarely performs these duties. Should he attempt to do so the effort lacks grace and spirit.

The Lazy Minister

The lazy minister rarely studies. He possesses a cartload of sermons delivered at college and at his previous church—for he is a rolling stone—and trots these out according to the occasion. Poor old travellers! They have supplied many an emergency, and though now so threadbare and out of date, will probably be used as long as their owner stays in the ministry. Once they had—to change the simile—the glow of enthusiasm and love of study; but

they have become stale by frequent use, and the minister cannot now recall the unchan that at one time characterised their delivery If only those old sermons were burned in the kitchen fire! The conflagration would entail reading and preparation, but the hours in his study might result in his salvation. How many men continue their serious reading after leaving college? Compantively few. They slacken upon settling into their first pastorate and defend themselves with the plea that they cannot find time for study. Contrast the churches of these men with those under the ministry of others who do not fail to spend the whole of the morning with their books in order to perfect their work as ministers. This is a practical test which churches and ministers may apply themselves.

Another type of minister for whom the Churches are suffering to-day is the busy man, fussy about many things, who think that his denominational society or the Free Church Council could not exist without him He finds excuses to leave his work on ever imaginable occasion for some "demonstration "-when will the Free Churches drop this word?-in some neighbouring centre or in the metropolis. The excitement of speaking, or even attending, seems to fill him with more emotion than the admittance of new members to his church. Even to join in the smoke-room gossip is a pleasure long anticipated and carefully cherished Humdrum and arduous seems the pastorate in Slocum after "the demonstration Possibly he tastes the joy of "prolongel applause," and is bitten with the virus of the public platform. Invitations pour in upon him, and if he accepts-as is generally the case, for the temptation B very pleasant and extremely pressing-le becomes your modern "busy man," who has time for everything else but his own

Constructive v. Paper Work

Excellent as the Free Church Council has proved in some respects, it is responsible for a large share of the present unrest in the Churches. It takes men away from the legitimate work by a specious plea of wide and broader interests. Public questions are important, but these cannot be multiplied so as to include resolutions on every conceivable subject, without detriment to other

WHAT IS WRONG WITH INDEPENDENCY?

issues. The Churches will be well advised if they drop these paper activities and tackle their own domestic problems with greater intelligence, activity and self-sacrifice. We are so consumed with the evils and drawbacks elsewhere that we have little or no time for a piece of constructive work in our own town and village. We cannot realise that we are losing the children from the Sunday school, and the parents from the church, whilst our young people are declining service as Sunday-school teachers and village preachers. The holding of innumerable "demonstrations" and the passing of lengthy resolutions are of small account in the actual life of the church. They may represent an easy method of shelving personal responsibility, whilst at the same time by neglecting the local church the evils against which you protest may be increased.

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We must cry a halt against these constant demands of the Free Church Council and other societies. The intentions and the programmes may be excellent, but the outside meetings and engagements are too numerous. Take, for instance, the following list of fixtures that confront many ministers and appraise the evil in its true proportions:

March	Water I Francisco I Company	Days
Maich	National Free Church Council (this year held at Newcastle)	4
Whitsuntide	National Christian Endeavour	4
April of May		4
	Union and Congregational Union	4-5
September or October	Autumn Assembly of Baptist Union and Congregational	4.3
Various Dates	Union Annual Meetings of County Unions or District Associa-	4-5
	tions of the two bodies, usually National Brotherhood Conven-	2
	Meetings of various other bodies, conferences, etc.,	3-4
	during the year, say	7
	Ministerial holidays	28
	Total	56

If ministers respond to all these appeals, and many do, more than one-seventh of their time is spent away from their pastorates. What business could stand this amount of inactivity? If a manager or chief assistant proposed such an arrangement he would soon be asked to revise or terminate his engagement. The religious organiser has become too insistent, and for the sake of the Churches themselves must be told in plain

language to moderate his plans. Although a smoker I would make another suggestion: abandon the smoke-room in connection with these annual gatherings. I know ministers who seldom get beyond this refuge for gossip and the weed, and such delegates might with advantage be debarred from this excuse to neglect the meetings for idle chaff and sheer waste of time.

Even the outstanding men who dispense with the ordinary duties of a pastor, or delegate these to an assistant, are depreciated by too many extraneous engagements. Their pulpit work suffers through a coarsening or neglect of its finer issues. Dr. Jowett once confessed in my hearing that the preparation of a sermon never proceeded along satisfactory lines unless he could prepare it in the quietness of his study or in the solitude of the moors or commons. Railway train compilation may fit the platform, but is ill suited to the pulpit.

Careful inquiry shows that other reasons for decline may be adduced which do not affect the ministry. Emigration—which has reduced, and is still depleting, village and small town churches—and the decline of the shop-keeping class, through the extension of co-operative stores and large company branch shops, are causes that must be considered. Yet there are still as many people in the country, and recent statistics show that the non-churchgoer is on the increase.

III.-THE WAY OF REVIVAL

Defects in the ministry are not confined to the two great branches of the Congregational order, and nothing in the present article is intended to bear such an invidious construction. Methodism has suffered equally with the other Churches, both as regards membership and its Sunday schools. It seems difficult, therefore, to suggest that Congregationalism needs a greater corporate responsibility, as the falling away from Methodism may partly be accounted for by the itinerant system and an over-elaboration of system. Still Congregationalists are raising great Sustentation Funds which will give the minister a living wage. Though these schemes have been, for the time, stripped of central authority, it would be idle to imagine that substantial help can be rendered in the coming years to men who have failed, after several chances and in normal conditions, to maintain the activities of their church. Those who dispense the money will want to call the tune. Extreme isolation and independency must pass away. Aided churches will presently be grouped and boards or committees, in counties or districts, will exercise some sort of oversight. Only in this way can outposts be maintained and churches in straitened circumstances kept free from the burden of debt.

In another decade we may see some approach to the United Free Church proposed by the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., the able Secretary of the Baptist Union. When understood and appreciated by the Churches it will solve questions affecting overlapping, limited funds and multiplication of small churches.

A revival of the pastoral office is necessary if lost ground is to be made up. Eloquence is not a primary condition for the pastor. He should preach intelligent and helpful sermons, but if his college training has been efficient there cannot be any great difficulty on this score, though it must be stated that some colleges are lax in taking men physically unable to use the natural voice. Too many ordinary ministers fail because they attempt the exposition of philosophy, metaphysics, social economy and various abstruse matters, and forget their great text-bookthe Bible. Dr. Campbell Morgan has proved by his lectures, and the large attendances thereat, that the Bible possesses a supreme interest for the average man and woman when expounded by a student. The word pastor, in its derivation, implies a shepherd who is a "feeder or giver of pasture." Murray describes him as "one who has the spiritual oversight over a company or body of Christians," and quotes Dr. Dale's saying, " Most of you are to be pastors of churches, not missionaries or evangelists." Some insistence on this point might save many hungry sheep from going unfed Sunday after Sunday,

An Unsatisfactory System

The system is not satisfactory that permits the ordinary student to take immediate charge of a church, control its officers and finances, and guide its destinies without any previous experience. If Independent Churches could devise a system that placed the young man from college as an assistant minister—such as is adopted in a few places—many failures might be avoided.
"You would save many serious blunders by such an arrangement," said an experienced denominational officer to me, "and teach the young minister, under the oversight of an older pastor, how to manage men and women. Two or three years spen in this way would enable him to continue his studies and shape him as a true pastor,"

The materialistic age has caused the Churches to weaken the spiritual note in preaching and service. Conversions are not expected, neither are they sought Almost every minister will tell you that the prayer meeting is not popular. The week's crowded with engagements, but these do not lead to the building up of the Church Time and energy are frittered away in societies-with excellent objects and attractive programmes-tending to the multiplication of energy, but rarely developing the highest interests of the Church. "From school to church " should be the rule; but oftentimes it is from Sunday school to the organisation, from which the young people wander off to an easy-going religion without vitality, self-sacrifice and breadth of vision. Fewer weekday meetings and more concentration are necessary.

Revival missions on the big scale by some special missioner are now discounted, and probably for good reasons. In the past these have meant too often that the pastor and the Church expected someone else to do their work. A highly paid agent, a costly propaganda, and much trumpeting in the press were substituted for the gracious ministry of the people on the spot, who with an easy conscience thus delegated When another their duty to outsiders. D. L. Moody comes along we may revise our methods, but for the present the English Churches—especially those of the Independents-are not disposed to revivalism on this plan. With excellent results many ministers have realised their responsibilities and conducted missions in their own churches or in those of neighbouring ministers. Those gathered into the inquiry room have generally included some young people belonging to the church, and these the minister has instructed in the vital principles of faith and service. In this manner workers have been found for Sunday school and village preaching, and a fruitful extension developed along helpful lines,

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Photo: H. Irulng.

"I PUBLISH THE BANNS"

A Story of Rose Fragrance and an Old-world Garden

By L. G. MOBERLY

MANCE plays queer tricks with us sometimes, and yet I will not call it chance; that is the wrong name to give it. It must be something higher which now and again seems to intervene so strangely in our lives-something greater than mere chance. But it seemed quite by accident that I dropped into that particular church on a hot July Sunday, when the hills on the horizon lay in a haze of heat, and the meadows were flooded with sunlight. A year before I had never even heard of the village of Durmstone, a small remote place tucked away in a fold of the downs, and even a few hours earlier I had only intended to motor through it in the early morning hours, and spend my Sunday in a certain pleasant vicarage miles away, on the far side of the wide-stretching down country. A breakdown had pulled me up in the tiny village, where the accommodation offered by the primitive inn was of a very prehistoric kind. Still-needs must when motors break down. My promised Sunday with good old Jack Hales was destined not to be, and I made up my mind to spend it peacefully in Durmstone instead. The bells of the village church were sending forth a clamour of sweet sounds, when, after a wash and breakfast, I strolled down the straggling street, whose cottage gardens were ablaze with flowers. Down the dusty highway the villagers, dressed in their best, were making their way to morning service, and I strolled amongst them along the road and across the churchyard, that seemed to me to be filled with the warm fragrance of roses. For the rest of my life that warm fragrance of roses will be associated in my mind with that dim little church, through whose open doorway, framing a stretch of green downs beyond the churchyard, there floated the drowsy air of the July morning. Bees droned past that open door; the sunshine lay hot and white upon the tombstones; every now and again the tinkling of sheep-bells drifted in from the uplands. It was a singularly peaceful spot, and permeating everything was that warm fragrance of the roses.

Nothing in the world awakens old memories so surely as a scent will awaken them. As the sweetness of those roses mounted to my brain, I no longer heard the quiet, refined voice of the clergyman reading the prayers, and though I rose mechanically when the rest of the congregation rose, my mind followed none of the words they chanted. The grey walls of the church, the stained-glass windows, the honest faces of the rustic congregation—all these faded from my view, and I saw in their stead an



"Down the dusty highway the villagers were making their way to morning service"—p. 835.

Drawn by

old-world garden, where the air was filled with the fragrance of roses, and the petals of roses lay on the grass at my feet. A very still and lovely place that garden looked, a fit setting for the girl who came slowly towards me across the lawn, the sunlight flashing golden on the crown of her hair, some of the still loveliness of the garden reflected in the serenity of her sweet eyes.

That day I saw a new look in her eyes, a clear shining look as though they had just seen some wonderful sight; and her lips were parted in a mysteriously happy smile as she put her hand into mine.

"I believe I have kept you waiting," she said, very gently. Beryl Donaldson was always gentle. Gentleness was one of the characteristics for which I loved her most. "It is good of you to have come, and Aunt Grace will be so glad to see you."

"But I haven't come to see your Aunt Grace," I answered, speaking with an abruptness quite foreign to me, because of the turmoil raging within. "I have come to see you."

"Me?" A sudden look of trouble leapt into her eyes; she shrank back from me a tiny bit, on to the lawn, which was strewn with the petals of roses, and the smile faded from her lins.

All the summer I had been staying at The Grange, which I had rented for a few months, and all the summer I had been a regular visitor at The Orchard, where Beryl's invalid aunt and she lived together. I had done what little I could to amuse the sick woman, and vary her monotonous life, but to-day, with the warm fragrance of roses about me, and all the glory of summer in the air, I wanted something different. I had

come to-day to see Beryl—only Beryl.

"Me?" she repeated, and the trouble in her sweet eyes deepened.

"Yes, you," I answered—and then in a moment I had shown her all my heart. But before I had said more than a few words, I knew that they were being spoken in vain, and my heart sank in a very sickness of despair.

I believe I had loved her from the first moment I saw her, loved her slim young form and her lovely face, and the eyes that were so restful and so sweet. And now she looked at me across the rose-strewn lawn, with a great sadness in her face,

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"I am so sorry," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Arndale, I am so sorry. You have been so good to me-to Aunt Grace and me-and I would not have hurt you for all the world.

"But-there is someone else?" I questioned almost fiercely, and the colour came sweeping over her face as she bent her head in answer.

"It only happened yesterday," she said

after a moment, and even her sorrow for me could not quite keep the glad light out of her eyes. "I met him, Desmond-Adderley-when I was away from home in May -you remember I was away in the North-and yesterday he asked me to be his wife. We shall be married in the autumn." The gladness crept into the vibrations of her voice, stole about the corners of her mouth-she could not hide it-and then she put out her hand to me impulsively.

"I am so sorry," she said again, very simply, very gently. And I? I could only wring her hand and turn away, without speaking, because I could not trust myself to speak. And as I went out of the rose-scented garden, I felt as though I had shut behind me the Gates of Paradise. I left The Grange next day. I left England a week later. The pain had cut deep into my heart, so deep that I wanted to go to the ends of the world to drive it away. But it would not be driven. My love for Beryl Donaldson had become part of my life. And yet-I heard no word of her after that day I left her in the garden among the roses. I did not wish to distress her, to let the shadow of my pain fall across her happiness; and I knew, too, that my only hope of finding

some measure of peace was to put as great a distance as possible between myself and the girl I loved.

Well, the months had rolled by. I was back in England again, but I had avoided that part of the country where Beryl lived, and as, in any case, I had only been a casual summer visitor there, there was no necessity ever to see the place again. Neither should I ever be likely to hear of Beryl in her married life, for she and her husband were unknown to any of my friends, and



" I felt as though I had shut behind me the Gates of Paradise."

Elizabeth Earnsham.

Desmond Adderley, as I had incidentally learnt, had estates at Rantismore, in Ireland, where he made his permanent home. So Beryl, my pretty Beryl with the sweet eyes, was by now living far enough away from the old-world garden, and the fragrance of English roses. My thoughts had drifted on to this point, when they were all at once brought sharply back to my present surroundings. Perhaps it was the slight change in the inflection of the clergyman's voice that brought them back; perhaps it was the sound of the words "marriage between Desmond Adderley, bachelor, of the parish of St. Bride, Rantismore, Ireland, and Cecily Mary Brett, of this parish. If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy Matrimony, ye are to declare it. This is the second time of asking."

For a moment I stood there with that petrified sensation of being in a nightmare from which there is no escape, which is so familiar to us all, and then I opened my lips to cry aloud, "I forbid the banns."

Desmond Adderley, of the parish of St. Bride, Rantismore, Ireland, was not a bachelor. Desmond Adderley was not free to marry Cecily Mary Brett or any other woman: he already had a wife. Beryl was his wife. There must be a mistake somewhere, a terrible mistake, and I——

But though I opened my lips, the words I had intended to utter did not come. I felt tongue-tied, paralysed, puzzled beyond power of expression. The service continued, and I joined in it mechanically, whilst my heart beat in heavy throbs which I almost fancied my next-door neighbour would hear; and my eyes turned again and again to the expanse of green downs framed by the open door, through which there drifted in to us on the drowsy air the warm fragrance of roses.

Looking out through that open door, I felt that some of the turmoil within me was quieted, though I could scarcely sit with patience through the sermon which the good vicar delivered to his flock. I was at the vestry door before he had divested himself of his surplice, and he looked at me with blank amazement, when I began to question him about the banns he had just called.

"My dear sir," he said, courteously but

firmly, "I think I can give you ample assurance that there is no impediment to these banns. Miss Brett is the daughter of our Squire; her fiance is a man of position. The idea that he could possibly be married already, is, if I may say so, preposterous. I have heard," he hesitated "there has been a rumour of an entanglement with someone quite unsuitable, but that ended some months ago."

"An—entanglement—which—ended?" I spoke the words slowly, with long pauss between them. I think my eyes must have glared fiercely at the unfortunate cleric, for he drew back a little with a nervous glance at me.

"We understood that there had been something of the kind," he answered, "nothing discreditable, but a foolish understanding or engagement with a person totally unfit to be Mr. Adderley's wife, a young woman who had trapped him into a promise of marriage, and from whom he had a lucky escape."

"The skunk! The unspeakable skunk!" The words broke from me with angry emphasis, as Beryl's face rose before me—with its pure lovely outlines, its sweet seree eyes, and the mouth which had smiled so wonderfully when she told me of her happiness. Beryl—an unsuitable person! Beryl totally unfit "to be the wife of any man! Beryl—a young woman who had trapped someone into a promise of marriage! The accusation made me feel as if I could have cheerfully gone forth then and there, to lell the creature who had dared to take her name in vain.

I curbed my wrath as well as I was able, feeling that to vent it on the head of the innocent vicar would be useless and absurd. But I left the vestry in a state of boiling indignation, indignation not lessened by the good man's parting remark:

"It is in every sense of the words a good match. Mr. Adderley and Miss Brett are devoted to one another, and whilst he can give her the name of a good old family with a prospective title, she is giving him all the money he sorely needs to keep up his estates. It is a delightful match."

"A delightful match." The phrase haunted me as I walked away with rapid, impatient steps. Delightful indeed! The truth was self-evident. Desmond Adderley had thrown over the girl who loved him, because a richer e you ample appediment to be daughter of man of posiI possibly be say so, prene hesitated, an entanglesuitable, but

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se haunted impatient truth was ad thrown use a richer woman had crossed his path. Little Beryl was not blest with worldly wealth; she and her aunt lived the simplest of simple lives, and she would only have brought to her husband her own sweet self.

"The skunk!" I said again. Said it aloud to the hedgerows between which I walked. "The miserable skunk! And Beryl-little Beryl-" A lump came into my throat and nearly choked me. I could not bear to think of what it must all have meant to the girl who had looked at me with shining eyes, and mysteriously sweet smile, only a year before.

"If I could only comfort her!" That thought leapt next into my mind, and with it came, too, in a flash of under-

standing, the realisation of what it must be to a woman to be cast aside by the man she loves. It is not only the loss of the man, though that, to a loving-hearted woman, must be hard enough to bear, God knows—little worthy though we men are of the love they give us. But added to the pang of loss, must be the bitter sense of having fallen short, of having been incapable of holding a man's affection, of having failed, the bitter sense of



"'It is so wonderful to find a love that has lasted'"-p. 811.

Drawn by Elizabeth Earnshaw. humiliation. All these thoughts revolved in my brain, as I walked back to the inn between the tall hedges over which clematis and bryony and blackberry flung themselves in tangled loveliness, and long before I reached the dusty village street I had made up my mind what I would do.

I was possessed by the strange certainty that it was not mere blind chance which had sent me to this remote village amongst the downs, the village of which I had never even heard until my motor broke down, so to speak, at its gates. If I had not gone into the little church on this July morning, I should have been totally un-

aware that Beryl had not, long ago, married Desmond Adderley, and I should have gone on my way ignorant of all that had happened to the girl I loved. As it was—? Well, as it was—I had my motor repaired as quickly as possible, I wired to my old friend in the vicarage where I should have spent my Sunday, and I set off myself in the opposite direction, driving over hill and dale with all the speed that was possible. I did not give myself over-much time to think out

the details of my plan. I was animated by only one desire—to reach Beryl as quickly as I could. What I was actually going to say or do when I did reach her, I did not know.

It was late afternoon when I drove at last along the road that led to The Orchard. Above the hedgerow elms the sun was weaving a veil of golden light; the rooks cawed softly, wheeling round the treetops against a background of daffodil sky; the hush of evening was sinking quietly over the summer landscape. When I stood before the green gate of The Orchard, the fragrance of roses drifted out to me over the wall, bringing with it again the remembrance of last year, and of Beryl's happiness in her rose-scented garden. To my own ears my voice shook a little as I asked the servant whether I could see Miss Donaldson. She was a raw, country girl, and she nodded an answer to my question, adding brusquely that the young lady was in the garden, and I could step down there if I liked. I did like. It was what I had been hoping for most ardently, that I should find Beryl in the garden where I had left her, that perhaps we might take up relations just where we had left them off, or that we might begin some new relations under the e changed circumstances.

The garden itself showed no signs of change. The smooth, shaven lawn was strewn with rose petals-white and crimson, orange and pink-just as I remembered it a year ago; the tall white lilies under the wall, the stately delphiniums and hollyhocks-all these were the same as on that other summer afternoon. But the girl who came slowly across the lawn to meet me was different, so different that my heart gave a great throb, and then for a moment seemed to stand still. Nothing could have altered the fairness of Bervl's face, but it was just as if someone had taken a sponge and wiped from it all its happiness. The eyes had lost their shining serenity, and were infinitely sad, and all the spontaneous joy had gone out of her smile. When she held out her hand to me, and looked up into my face with a pitiful attempt at smiling, I could have cried out to her for pity's sake to desist. That little pathetic effort at a smile brought the lump into my throat again. It was so brave, and so heart-breaking.

"Do you know why I have come?" I said, with no other preliminary speech, all the things I had meant to say driven out of my head by the supreme desire to comfort her. "I have come to ask you to be my wife." Her face, which had been white before, was flooded with rosy colour; her eyes grew misty with tears, her lips quivered.

"Why do you ask me that?" she said, jerkily. "Are you sorry for me, because I—was found wanting?" She did not speak bitterly, only with an extraordinary sadness, and I moved to her side, and put my hand upon her shoulder.

"It is not any question of being sorry for you," I answered huskily. "I want you for my wife—just as I wanted you last year—because I love you." A curious smile flickered over her face.

"Haven't you got tired of me in a whole year?" she said, with a sort of quiet dreamness which hurt me. "Desmond—got tired of me in quite a few weeks. At first he seemed to love me, but he soon got tired of me. I thought perhaps people didn't go on loving for very long."

"You are not to talk like that; you are never to talk like that," I exclaimed, my hand still pressing her shoulder. "The man who deserted you did it because he found a rich woman whose money would help him. He deserves—"

"Oh! hush!" she cried, her face growing very white again. "I didn't mean to speak bitterly. I—try not to feel bitter. I have forgiven him for hurting me, for everything."

"Perhaps you have," I answered grimly, my hand leaving her shoulder and taking her hand; "but I am not bound to feel forgiving towards him. Why should we talk about him? He is not worthy of another thought from you."

"I"—her sweet eyes looked full into mine—"I can't bear to think hardly or speak hardly of him." she said gently, "if he made a mistake. After all, a mistake is

not a crime."

"A mistake!" I almost shouted. "There was no mistake. That man treated you vilely, abominably. He deliberately threw you over, because he had found a rich woman whose money he coveted, and you speak of a mistake."

"I thought "-she looked bewildered-"I

"I PUBLISH THE BANNS"

thought what he said was true, that he found out he didn't love me enough, that he had mistaken his feelings. I felt as if-I had been tried, and found wanting."

Again her eyes were uplifted to mine, and the appeal in their depths was more than I could bear. All in a moment my arms went round her, I drew her close against me, and my lips touched the golden radiance of her

"You mustn't," she faltered out. " Idon't love you properly. You are only doing this because you pity me, and I-I couldn't bear to be helped just out of pity." The words came brokenly in little gasping sentences, but she did not try to draw herself from my arms; indeed, I thought she clung to me, as if she found some comfort in my touch.

"I am not offering you anything out of pity," was my vehement response. "I love you, dear. Can't I make you understand that I have never left off loving you since I first began?" She smiled at that, a funny little quavering smile, then all at once she turned and hid her face against my breast.

" It is so wonderful to find a love that has lasted," she whispered, and her words showed me some of the torture she had endured, " and you are so strong, so comforting. I used to think "-she lifted her face once more-" I used to think you were kind, but I never thought I could care for you in the right sort of way." Her smile was more like the old smile I remembered. " Now-I believe---"

"What do you believe?" I said, bending close over her, because she had buried

her face again.

" I believe-if you gave me time, if you were patient with me, I should learn-toto care-in the way you want."

"The only way," I whispered very softly, my lips just touching her cheek. "I will wait for you as long as you like, my darling. I know you will come to me at last."

And when spring's touch was on the uplands, and the larks were singing of coming summer, on a certain Sunday in the little church amongst the downs, where I had heard those startling banns published, we sang our Te Deum together - Beryl my wife and I.



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Liverpool Cathedral in the Making.

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CATHEDRAL ON THE MERSEY

The Craftsmanship of a Noble Undertaking

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN

"MAY it please your Majesty. The Diocese of Liverpool was created in 1980. It comprises one of the most populous districts of Lancashire, including the city and port of Liverpool, and the towns of Bootle, Ormskirk, St. Helens, Southport, Warrington, Widnes and Wigan, and no less than a million and a quarter of people. But this great Diocese has never possessed a stable Cathedral Church. Other and greater spiritual needs claimed to be first met, and absorbed for nearly a quarter of a century

the attention of the Church. Yet the vision of a Cathedral was never lost. It grew in strength and loftiness through years of waiting and looked for a stately building worthy of this great community, its stores of wealth, its world-wide connections, which should be reared by all for all, and which should be handed down to those yet unborn as a witness for God, and as a centre of spiritual life and work and worship."

Presented to King Edward VII., July 19th, 1904, at the stone-laying of the Liverpool Cathedral, the above address gives in a few eloquent sentences the

inception of the Cathedral. It could be enlarged to many pages if detailed references were made to the early attempts by Bishop Ryle, and later of Bishop Chavasse, including the record of generous gifts for the building as a whole, for the Lady Chapel, the Chapter House, the windows, and the various fittings and ornaments. Real life romance might be added by the introduction of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, whose design was selected as the best, though one hundred architects of high standing joined in the competition. Mr. Scott

had not, at the time, passed his majority by many months, and when King Edward performed the stone-laying ceremony he was only twenty-three years of age. Yet high as was the reputation of his grandfather, the grandson, even in his early manhood, is considered by experts to have already outclassed his distinguished grandsire. So youthful did he seem to the committee who had to make the choice of architect that he was associated with the late Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., in carrying out the design, which he had prepared.

Wellnigh a thousand years have passed since an English Cathedral was built upon the plan now being followed at Liverpool. We are not forgetting the West-country Cathedral Church at Truro. But those who are acquainted with Truro, whilst in no way detracting from its beauty, would not compare it with Liverpool. Mr. Gilbert Scott's design provides for a church, with its Chapter House and Lady Chapel, which will cover about 101,000 square feet on St. James's Mount, Liverpool, The length of the Cathedral will be 611 feet, and the choir and nave will



Mr. G. G. Scott.

obtain a height of 116 feet, as compared with 102 feet in Westminster Abbey. The choir and central space will accommodate 1,500 people, and when the whole is completed a huge congregation of 8,000 persons will be able to find a place under its roof. Such dimensions and such seating capacity suggest to those who have not seen the site or studied the plan, some idea of the spacious design inspired by the architect.

Not only in size, but in situation, Liverpool Cathedral will stand unique. It is being erected, as already stated, on St. James's



Liverpool Cathedral, as it is to be.

From the Archites

Mount-155 feet above the Mersey. According to the amended design, it will be distinguished by a great central tower-instead of two smaller ones as originally proposedmore than 100 feet square, rising to a height of 280 feet above the roadway and 120 feet above the transepts. From the Mersey, as indeed from all parts of the city, this magnificent Cathedral will rear its noble proportions high above every other building, an abiding memorial for coming generations that a great commercial community was, as the Archbishop of York once said: to express itself in religious gifts." A large proportion of the wealth of the city comes to it on the wide bosom of the river that carries thousands of passengers and tons of merchandise out to the open sea and across the Atlantic or, vice versa, brings golden argosies to the port itself. Is it nothing that the last building to be seen by the outgoing passenger, and the first by the incoming visitor to English shores, should be the Cathedral? To many the question supplies an allegory.

At the beginning of the enterprise, Dr.

Chavasse, the present Bishop, expressed certain important conditions. "The building must," he said, "be worthy of Liverpool and of the Church of England. A poor Cathedral, which costs the Diocese nothing in the way of self-sacrifice and which is very little superior to some of the new parish churches which have recently sprung up in Lancashire and Cheshire, would create widespread disappointment. The stranger visiting this great and wealthy port, and eager to see for himself our new Cathedral, would turn aside with something like contempt from a cheap and inadequate structure which was all that Liverpool, which built St. George's Hall and the Municipal Buildings, could offer to the praise and glory of God. It must be an immense and glorious work of fine intelligence. If the whole of such 2 building cannot be erected at once, it must be built, as the cathedrals of the Middle Ages were built, piecemeal. If our generation can only raise £100,000, let it put up the choir, or part of it, and let those who come after us complete it. We owe much for the past, let us pay it by making the future our debtor,

THE CATHEDRAL ON THE MERSEY

Let us do our best and leave it for our children and our children's children to crown the work."

History of the Cathedral

The Bishop's inspiring words were delivered in his presidential address to the Liverpool Diocesan Conference of 1900, and produced an immediate effect. Sir William Forwood, one of Liverpool's leading citizens, became

the moving spirit of the fund at the earnest request of the Bishop. Three years previously, under Bishop Ryle, he made a similar appeal, but support was inadequate, and when promises amounting to £41,000 were received, the matter was postponed for a more favourable opportunity. The second attempt came at a propitious period, and when Sir William reported to the committee, he was able to announce that a sum of £100,000 had been obtained. This was soon raised to £325,000. The selection of the site on St. James's Mount on account of its central, commanding, and even picturesque surroundings, was followed by the commis-

sion being given to Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, and the actual erection of the Cathedral then proceeded, whilst on July 19th, 1904, his late Majesty King Edward, who was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, laid the foundation stone, as indicated. Two years later, the Duke of Connaught performed a similar ceremony in connection with the Cathedral Chapter House, towards which the Freemasons of Lancashire have subscribed in memory of the first Earl of Lathom. The third stage in the construction of the Cathedral

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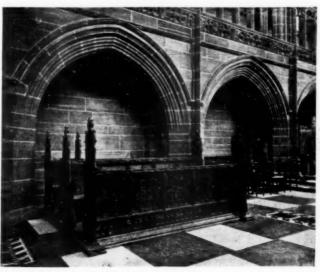
The Bishop of Liverpool.

was the consecration, in July, 1910, of the Lady Chapel, which is now officially recognised as the Cathedral Church of Liverpool for the time being.

The Craftsmanship in the Cathedral

Estimates and contracts have of necessity entered into the arrangements of architect and committee, but from the beginning a supreme desire has been evidenced to encourage

the finest work in stone, wood, metal and glass that British brains and hands could achieve. If you examine the beauties of Lichfield Cathedral, especially the carvings in its Chapter room, you find that the sculptor introduced his own quaint conceits and designs. He gave individual and distinctive treatment to corner pieces, arches, and decorative carvings. At times uncontrollable humour seized him, and he bubbled over with fun. No evidences of irrepressible gaiety are manifest at Liverpool, and every design is restrained and classical in spirit. But within reasonable limits, the architect has encouraged freedom of treatment and



Choir Stalls, Lady Chapel.

an endeavour to escape the conventional and mechanical. The craftsmen now at work on the Cathedral are imbued with the gospel of their fellows of a bygone age, who seized the opportunity to add that note of religious symbolism to the noble buildings of the past, which has typified Christianity in all ages.

The writer has had an opportunity of closely inspecting the work on St. James's Mount, of seeing the draughtsmen's office,

where full-sized drawings can be completed ready for use, and of noting the progress of the Cathedral choir. Hearty commendation belongs to the contractors (Messrs. Morrison and Sons) for the constructive work, the clerk of the works (Mr. Green) for his skill and management, and to the sculptor (Mr. Joseph Phillips) for his beautiful carving. Huge blocks of sandstone weighing many tons are scattered over the site and impart a feeling of despair to the amateur mind. But the object lesson is near at hand. Not many

yards distant a block has been shaped to its true proportions, and presently will be hoisted, a hundred feet or more, into the vaulting of the choir. For the moment one of Mr. Plullips' assistants is finishing a deep and broad design on the stone, which must necessarily be dwarfed at the height to which it will be placed, and under these circumstances he has to preserve the sense of proportion for those who examine the completed building from the floor.

In the Lady Chapel, the visitor obtains

a more perfect idea of the treatment in wood, stone and metal. It is possible here to study the designs on the massive doors, the seat and organ screen, and the exquisite sculpture around the chapel below the windows. Mr. Phillips explained to me some of the distribution which have attended his labours securing the right type of men. He finds that the English workman to-day lacks initiative in higher branches of artistic expression, and

is not prepared to follow out his own conceptions. Men will carve to pattem, but shrink from pouring out their souls into wood and stone. as did their predecessors in less hustling days. Therefore he has discovered lads and young men who were prepared to develop upon sound lines. On this basis he has endeavoured to train them to use hammer and chisel with skill and boldness, whilst, with a few deft markings, he has supplied the finishing touches.

Behind the scenes one appreciates the spirit of the



Doorway from Lady Chapel to Vestries.

craftsmen, inspired with the architect's conception, who are spending themselves in beautifying Liverpool Cathedral. To-day we have in England some magnificent specimens of the architecture of bygone days. But presently we may expect that this new Cathedral on the Mersey will not be one whit inferior to its predecessors. Mr. Phillips has impressed on his sculptors the necessity of seizing designs that symbolise the virues of religion. In this spirit, art assists religion, and the artist becomes teacher and

ent in wood, ere to study rs, the seat ite sculpture ndows. Mr. of the diffilabours in Ie finds that ks initiative ression, and ot prepared llow out his concep-Men will to pattern, shrink from ring out souls into and stone, d their pressors in less ing days. refore he discovered and young who were ared to deop upon lines. On oasis he has avoured to them to ammer and with skill boldness, t, with a left markhe has supthe finish-ouches. hind the s one apiates the t of the itect's conmselves in . To-day icent specigone days. t this new not be one Mr. Phillips

e necessity the virtues assists relieacher and

Reredos, Lady Chapel.

preacher, whilst long after the tools have dropped from his hands, men and women of later generations will describe the lessons he sought to teach.

Architect and artist have been in full accord. Mr. Phillips has submitted rough designs which the architect has examined in order to approve their architectural fitness, and then the sculptor has set to work to complete the details. To his free use of the chisel belongs the beauty of the finished carving, whether in screen or furniture. I have emphasised this point to show the responsibility of the architect for the whole and also the generous manner in which he treats his assistants—of which they are fully cognisant—in permitting liberty of expression. Thus has been avoided that "foot

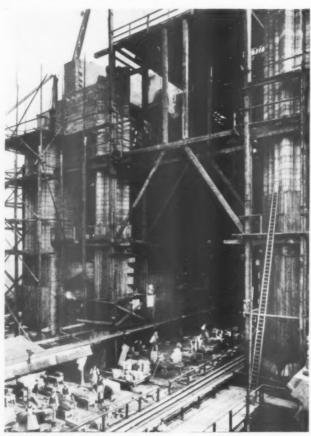
measure" arrangement which limits the tree artist and reduces artistic work to a contract expressed by so much work for so much pay. Mr. Scott's methods have given complete satisfaction to his staff and promise success in the artistic sense that the happist results may be anticipated in the finished building.

A careful study of the Lady Chapel will convince the reader that the high standard set by the architect has been fully maintained. This fourteenth-century Gothic building impresses one by its dignity and grace. Other descriptions may be used, but none express the attainment with fuller adequacy than these three words—"dignity and grace." The stained-glass windows, the clerestory screen work, the

stone vaults, the sanctuary hangings, the marble floor and the choice colour of the oak used for the fittings, present a total impression that fills one with devout thankfulness that in modern England this building has been consecrated as a House of God, "for ever set apart from all profane and common uses."

If the visitor is so fortunate as to arrive at sunset in the Lady Chapel, he will perceive an added beauty. The warm tone of the store and the mellowness of the stained glass are lit up by the declining sun, and illustrate the complete success of the colour scheme.

The beauty of the Cathedral design has enlisted many expressions of artistic co-operation from voluntary lady workers. They have caught the true spirit of Christian service and executed some exceptionally fine work. This is evidenced in the Cathedral embroidery and needle-



Choir and Choir Aisle; Looking East.

THE CATHEDRAL ON THE MERSEY

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work carried out by the women of the Diocese from designs by the late Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., and Mr. G. G. Hare. Many artists were doubtful whether amateur workers would satisfy the high ideals set by Mr. Bodley, but the superb frontals and burses completed for the Lady Chapel have removed all fears, and the ladies are

completing other and larger gifts for the sanctuary.

Rich and generous contributions have come to the Cathedral Committee. To attempt detail would be impossible. Families who represent in themselves the history of the city have given with open hand. In one case a sum of \$25,000 was set apart for the Lady Chapel in memory of the Earle and Langton families. Mrs. James Barrow offered £10,000 for the organ as a memorial to her

husband, and has since made substantial additions to her first promise. As already mentioned, the Freemasons of West Lancashire have given £10,000 towards the Chapter House, and the treasurers have received at least eight other amounts of £10,000 each and upwards. The list of subscribers indicates that people of all ranks and stations have subscribed to the Cathedral Fund. The appeal has moved a wide circle, and mothers' meetings, Bible classes and Church workers in the lowliest positions have made their contributions. Even the children of the Diocese have taken a substantial and special share. A Children's Porch in the Lady Chapel was definitely assigned to the young people as their gift. Here the sculptor will represent our Lord as the Good Shepherd, with two children, a boy on one side and a girl on the other. Four Bible characters in an appropriate connection are to be represented lower down-including Samuel with a lamp, David with a sling, the lad with the loaves and fishes, and Timothy with a Bible.

This endeavour to link up the children with the Cathedral affords a suggestive and inspiring thought, especially as the Bishop has expressed the hope that one of the four permanent canons of the Cathedral—under the title, "The Children's Canon"—will be set apart to watch over and direct the religious education of the young. Dr. Chavasse has learnt the lesson that the children of the Diocese are the hope of the Church for the



Choir Vaulting in course of Erection.

future. Up to the present, a sum of about £1,000 has been obtained towards the Children's Porch, which is estimated to cost £2,000.

Most fortunate has the B.shop proved in his choice of an executive, of which S.r William B. Forwood is chairman, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., and Mr. F. M. Radcliffe, treasurers, and Sir Robert A. Hampson, Mr. Arthur Earle, Rev. Canon Penrhyn and Rev. Canon Sylvester, Hon. Secs., whilst the Rev. Charles Harris is the organisation secretary, and Mr. J. Alderson Smith, general secretary.

At the beginning of the Cathedral effort, Dr. Chavasse expressed the hope that some future Wordsworth might be able to sing of it:

"Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more:
So deemed the men who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die:
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for Immortality."

Slowly but surely the noble thought is coming to fruition.

PRAIRIE FIRES

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER XX

THE HOME - COMING

ROBERT MERRICK and his wife alighted from the train at Vancouver terminus and drove through the city to the C.P.R. Hotel.

It was the beginning of the second week of their honeymoon, and after three days spent on the Pacific Coast it would be necessary for them to begin the return journey.

So far, it had been a dream of beauty and of poetry, a memorable time spent amid the incomparable scenery of the Rocky Mountains—two nights at Banff, one at Laggan, and one at Field. Neither would be likely ever to forget these wonderful days when, amid unearthly beauty, they seemed to obtain a glimpse of Paradise.

Many eyes regarded them as they got into the hotel omnibus, and it was decided that they were distinguished travellers. Indeed, they looked the part, and Hilary smiled as she recalled to Robin's remembrance the right of her arrival at Brackens.

"I am sure they think we are dukes or something, Robin," she whispered when they reached the hotel.

"All right. We'll play up to them, but I'm hoping to get some mail here. The Ingrams will surely have written, and I hope there may be some news of Horace."

They stepped into the hotel. Merrick went up to the office counter to register their names, select their rooms, and inquire for his letters, of which there was a goodly nile

"We're in luck, my dear," he said as he escorted her to the elevator.

But Hilary did not seem to be much elated over letters.

"I don't want them, Robin. Why did you have them sent on? There are sure to be worries. Don't let us open them, at least until we are in the train going back."

Merrick smiled, not taking her seriously. He was holidaying, but at the back of his mind his interest in his farm was big and serious. He realised that he would have to work even harder than he had done to make a success for the wife he loved. Merrick's ambition in these early days was high enough to reach the skies.

So far, they had travelled in comfort and in luxury, Merrick having spared nothing. He said with perfect truth that he had earned his holiday and that if the fam could not give him fifty pounds to spend-why, then, it was not worth his while to keep it. Hilary had not troubled herself at all about the financial aspect of the honemoon. She had very little actual knowledge of the spending power of money, simply because she had never had any entrusted to her for the purpose of laying it out.

She was much pleased with the beautiful first-floor bedroom with bathroom attached, and she had been most agreeably surpiised by the luxury of the hotels in which they had stayed. Daily she was becoming more reconciled to the new land, and she had not yet begun to realise that the daily routine at Brackens would have to be taken up presently, and the problems of everyday existence, both sordid and pleasant, faced bravely. At present she was happy and willing to drift.

She leaned out of the half-open window, surveying the long line of lights sweeping down the wide street, when she was startled by an exclamation from her husband.

"By Jove! Hilary, hear this! A letter from Uncle Gregory. It was written the night before he sailed from Liverpool. He left on the Tunisian on the thirteenth, and, as he says he won't lose time on the way up, he must be at Brackens now!"

"Oh," said Hilary, "how very unfortunate!"

"It's worse than unfortunate—it's ghastly," said Merrick dismally. "There isn't a more unreasonable man on earth than Uncle Gregory. He'll take it as a personal grievance that we were not at the station to meet him. He talks of wiring when he lands at Montreal, forgetting that the tele-

gram will probably lie at Brailsford post-

PRAIRIE FIRES

office till some handy neighbour takes it back with his mail."

"And unless Horace has come back there won't be anybody at Brackens except the hired man," said Hilary. "What are you going to do?"

"There's only one thing to do. We'll have to start out to-morrow morning. It's heastly, and I'm most awfully sorry, darling, but we can't help it. We are bound to pay a little attention to Uncle Gregory, seeing that the place is his."

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Hilary did not look pleased. She certainly was in no haste to bring the idyllic holiday to an end abruptly, and to rush back to Brackens to welcome a tiresome uncle on the very threshold of her married life.

"Don't let's pay any attention, Robin. He'll think we didn't get the letter. Besides, the mischief is now done, anyway."

"But, darling, you don't understand. I simply must. If we had left Horace decently in command it would have been different. Uncle Gregory will simply be furious. He'll take it as a personal insult that we've got married at this particular time, and I'm equally certain that he'll think, even if he doesn't say, that we weren't entitled to this honeymoon trip."

"Then he's positively inhuman, and he doesn't deserve the smallest consideration," said Hilary almost spitefully. "And I hope he enjoyed himself when he arrived at Brailsford and got into the fly-blown bus, and had his lunch in that horrid King Edward, and then went out to supper with Algernon!"

"Oh, don't pile it on," said Merrick, almost dancing on the floor at the picture of the pompous old city magnate, with his love of good cheer and comfortable living, consigned solely to the tender mercies of a hired man. "It positively couldn't have happened worse, Hilary," he groaned. "I do have the most wretched luck!"

"Don't, dearest! It's rather comical, and it will positively do Uncle Gregory good. At least, he'll get at the bed-rock of the facts, the same as I did. Yes, it'll do him much good, and it ought to make him more sympathetic than oceans of talk."

But Merrick was extremely doubtful. In fact, he was seriously concerned.

There are a good many people in this world who think discipline, and even privation, excellent for others, but who have no desire to sample it for themselves. Uncle

Gregory undoubtedly belonged to that class.

"Don't look so overwhelmed, Robin," continued Hilary, still merely amused. "It isn't the deluge. Probably Algernon has turned him over to the Ingrams. Then everything is all right."

"Algernon hasn't the brains of a turkeycock. Glenairne would never occur to him, and it's unlikely that Alec would turn up to the rescue a second time. Besides, though Mrs. Ingram is the soul of kindness, I rather think she would draw the line at Uncle Gregory."

"I would myself, and I don't in the least want to go back," said Hilary, with a little grimace. "Well, can we leave Uncle Gregory and go down to get something to eat?"

Merrick tossed his gripsack on the floor and knelt on it to get the very tight strap undone, and his face did not look cheerful.

Hilary and he had rather a dismal evening, and even a walk down to English Bay in a glorious flood of white moonlight failed to lift their thoughts above the worries at home. In fact, their holiday was not only spoiled but completely over, and by halfpast eight next morning they were in the east-bound train.

Hilary did her best to comfort and reassure her husband, but she herself was not very hopeful about their home-coming. They had planned it all out, how a letter to Carrie would have ensured everything being in shape to welcome them. The new furniture was now in place, and the house had been looking quite pretty and inviting when they left it. But now there could not be any pleasant home-coming—only an angry uncle drifting about the neighbourhood somewhere, ready to pick a quarrel with Robin about everything, and probably just in the mood to inquire what he had done with Horace.

Merrick did send a telegram to Brailsford stating that they had started out for home. But, knowing the vagaries of the postal arrangements of the little town, he considered it more than doubtful that it would get there before them. Unless their nearest neighbour happened to collect it with his own mail they would probably find it lying at the post-office when they arrived.

They came into Brailsford about five o'clock in the evening—no fewer than nine hours late owing to a breakdown on the line in the very heart of the Rockies. They

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had been brought to a standstill in the night, and Merrick, getting up from his bunk and going out to inquire what had happened, had discovered that there had been a big landslide close to one of the perilous-looking bridges spanning a gorge, and that the bridge was consequently unsafe. A breakdown gang from the nearest camp was quickly on the spot, but it took eight hours to make it strong enough to permit the heavy train to cross in safety. Altogether, it had been a ghastly journey, and had brought them to Brailsford in rather a depressed state of mind.

Hilary had some tea at the hotel while the rig was being got ready and while Merrick was making some inquiries at the bar and about the stable-yard. But beyond the fact that a stranger had arrived one day and asked for Brackens, he had not been able to elicit any information either to cheer or

further depress him.

The hotel horses did not cover the ground so quickly as Merrick's bronco would have done. They were not even so fast as his heavier pair, and it was eight o'clock before they came within sight of the homestead by the alkali lake.

"I see lights," said Hilary swiftly.
"There's somebody there. Uncle Gregory spending the evening with Algernon."

She took a curious delight in dwelling on the fact that Algernon—a late importation from England through one of the emigration agencies, a pure cockney whose ignorance was equalled only by his cocksureness about everything—would be doing the honours of Brackens to Robin's pompous uncle! It seemed to her a bit of the purest comedy she had ever encountered. But Merrick saw no comedy in it. Nothing but tragedy and gloom sat on his brow.

"It's a regular illumination, Hilary," he said as he got the rig squarely round in front of the house preparatory to ascending the hill. "I bet it's Carrie Ingram—bless her! She's a regular oner at pulling folks

out of holes."

Hilary smiled then, and they drove on towards the house, the wheels giving forth little or no sound in the soft track.

Merrick stopped of a set purpose far enough from the house to ensure that they could not be seen from it. Then he helped Hilary down, took out the light baggage they had carried with them, and gave the ostler a dollar, telling him he could just go back at his leisure. Leaving the baggage in the yard, the approached the house together, walking softly, Hilary smiling rather wickedly. Merrick all anxiety and anticipation.

A flood of light streamed from doors and windows upon the veranda. All of them were open, for it was one of the warm still, delicious nights of the Indian summer, which is one of the pleasantest seasons of the year in Canada. They could her voices and, creeping forward, they had a good view of the interior without being themselves seen.

On a big red rocking-chair, right in the middle of the living-room, sat Uncle Gregory in a brown velvet smoking-jacket with a big cigar between his fingers, which he had evidently taken from his mouth that he might the better lay down the law to some body they did not see. His face looked red and comfortable, as if he had enjoyed a very good meal, and his expression was perfectly amiable. In fact, just at the moment when Merrick and his wife beheld him he was giving vent to a loud guffaw.

Feeling curiously guilty and de trop, the prospectors moved a little to the right and thus obtained a full view of the interior. In a low chair a little away from Unde Gregory sat a woman knitting—a small, young, plump person with a stolid but not unpleasing face, and a lot of soft brown hair smoothly braided about her head and giving her a somewhat demure, Madonna-

like look.

"Robin, who is that woman in my-in our house, looking as if it belonged to her?" asked Hilary with a catch in her breath.

"Hush, darling! They'll hear us. I'm afraid it's Horace's wife, Anna Graustek, said Merrick in a desperate whisper. "Yes, it is and there's Horace! There's nothing else for it, we must go in."

He cleared his throat, purposely knocked his boot against the veranda step, and, taking Hilary firmly by the hand, proceeded towards the light and the warmth within.

At the moment Horace stepped forward as if to inquire the cause of the noise outside, and they met just in the doorward. He coloured quickly and had the grace to look embarrassed. He had caused his cousin many desperate moments since they came out together, but this was the wors!

"Hallo, Bob! Arrived just in the nick of time. The governor's here, talking of going to-morrow or next day. Father,

here's Bob and his wife."

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. Father,

Uncle Gregory struggled from the depths of his comfortable rocker, into which his large frame had fitted rather tightly.

"So vou've come, Bob. I suppose you are surprised to see me. Seems you marry in your own time and way out here," he said facetiously. "How do you do, Mrs. Robert? I don't suppose I have

the right to call you anything

else vet

Hilary shook hands in rather perfunctory fashion, her eyes on the other woman who had taken possession of her hearth and home. The instinct of self-preservation, the lust of possession dominated Hilary. At the moment she was simply a primeval woman ready to fight for her own. Horace's wife had risen, not in the least perturbed, smiling a little shyly, and quite willing to be friendly with the joint-mistress of Brackens.

"This is my wife, Bob and Hilary," said Horace awkwardly, but not in the least ashamed. "Seems we stole a march on each other, didn't we? Well, we must just all

make the best of it."

Merrick was the first to recover himself, and he shook hands with his cousin's wife. But Hilary, obviously upset, walked out of the room.

"It's a bit rough on her, perhaps," said Uncle Gregory. "You seem to have got yourselves tied up into a knot. However, things might be worse--a lot worse. I was glad to find 'em here when I arrived, I can tell you, seeing you were off honeymooning."

"I am sorry I was not at home to receive you, uncle," said Merrick quite sincerely. "I only got your letter saying you were sailing when we arrived at Vancouver two days ago. Of course, I am glad Horace was here to receive you."

He was about to say more, but Horace from behind his father's chair was making



" Merrick went up to the office counter to inquire for letters "-p. 850.

pantomimic gestures to him to hold his tongue. Merrick was quick enough to take the hint. He surmised that Uncle Gregory had arrived to find Horace and his new wife in full possession, and as they had made him comfortable enough he had not inquired too deeply into things.

Everything was right from Horace's point of view. In fact, the situation of affairs could not be better. And certainly he looked a different man. Remembering the very last letter he had written home to his uncle and the account of Horace he had given in it, Merrick felt himself placed in a false position.

But Uncle Gregory was in a good humour. If he was going to grumble or call his nephew to account it was not at the present moment.

"There is not a lamp upstairs," said Anna's soft voice. "I vill take her von."

Merrick did not seek to prevent her. The sweat stood on his brow and he did not in the least know what to do. In the house there were only three bedrooms furnished. Uncle Gregory, of course, would be installed in the big front room, the pink-and-white room which Hilary and Carrie Ingram had got ready with such pride, the little spare room would be occupied by Horace and his wife, while Algernon had the one on the ground floor. There was nothing for Hilary but an empty room.

The little German wife toiled hopefully up the stairs, bearing the lighted lamp. She was of the most placid nature. Nothing disturbed or put her out, though underneath that still exterior there were principle and determination sufficient to rescue and hold

fast a dozen derelicts.

She did not knock at the door, for it stood ajar. Pushing it gently open, she entered and set the lamp on the dressing-table, on which Hilary's finest drawn-threadwork duchesse set made a suitable background for Uncle Gregory's elaborate ivory and silver toilet articles.

Hilary was out on the balcony, standing against the rail. The flood of white moonlight, making everything nearly as bright as day, had showed her the room as occupied by Uncle Gregory. The bed, with her lace-trimmed sheet turned back, was ready for his occupation, his dressing-gown hung on a peg behind the door, and the faint odour of cigar-smoke, and of the Bond Street pomatum with which Uncle Gregory tempted his thinning hair to linger on his head, filled the heavy air.

Anna, smiling a little awkwardly, stepped forward to the balcony door.

"I haf brought you a light," she said kindly.

"I don't want one, thank you," answered Hilary coldly. "I suppose Mr. Gregory is

occupying my room."

"Oh, yes—there is no other. We had the von next. The others are empty," said the little German, and for a second she looked rather perplexed. "What vill we do?"

"Nothing. I shall go over presently to my friends at Glenairne. In fact, I'll go

now."

"I am so very sorry," murmured Anna quite sincerely. "Vill you not stop till we

tink of some other vay?"

"We may 'tink' as long as we like," answered Hilary rather hardly, "but we can't make furnished rooms out of empty ones at the back of beyond."

She spoke passionately, and at the moment Merrick appeared in the room. The little German had the good sense to steal away, and Merrick stepped out on the balcony and put his arm round his wife.

"Darling, it's all horrible! What can I do? I can't say anything; but, you see, I'm

not to blame."

"I don't blame you. It's all part of the thing out here. There doesn't seem to be anything normal or decent. My pretty room!—and look at these horrible hair-oils and stuffs on my pretty table! And she's put my very best sheets on! Why didn't she put her own there? He's her father-in-law—not mine."

"Probably she hasn't any," said Merrick

ruefully.

"Well, please get Billy-boy ready and take me away. There isn't anywhere for us to sleep unless we go into the barn."

Her voice broke, and she would have cried, but she fiercely restrained herself.

"We'll go over to Glenairne," said Merrick. "It's a ghastly business. It would be comical, like a bit out of Gilbert and Sullivan, if it weren't so tragic."

"There isn't anything funny about it that I can see. That German woman has come to Brackens to stop. Whoever goes out,

she won't."

"It can all be thrashed out and settled to-morrow," said Merrick, trying to speak cheerfully. "Anyway, she's going to make a man of Horace. I never saw anybody changed so much for the better in such a short time. The worst of it is that it puts me out with Uncle Gregory. I wrote to him not more than six weeks ago that Horace was quite hopeless."

"Is that of any consequence? Let us go, Robin," she said wearily. "I wonder if I couldn't slip down the veranda pole and get away without any of them seeing me

again?

"Nothing of the kind. Don't you forget that the place is more ours than Horace's. I have made it what it is," said Merrick stoutly. "Come, then, darling, and we'll get out Billy-boy."

"PII come with you to the stable, Robin. I won't be left downstairs in front of all

their staring eyes!"

"All right, darling. Come along at

once."

They went downstairs together, and once more faced the trio in the living-room. Anna had resumed her knitting, her soft, quiet face immovable, her lips sweetly curved. Apparently there was nothing in

PRAIRIE FIRES

the situation to upset the even tenor of her thoughts. She was certainly a restful sort of woman.

"We'll say good-night and be off, then," said Merrick rather brusquely. "Pll be over early to-morrow, Uncle Gregory, to talk things right out with you."

Uncle Gregory looked amazed and astounded.

"But, bless me, where are you going? This is your home, isn't it?"

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"I thought it was," said Hilary, with a little curl of the lip as she turned away.

"We can't stop, for the simple reason that there isn't a furnished room for us," replied Merrick quietly. "It's all right, Uncle—don't get flurried. We have some very good friends about two miles away who will be uncommonly glad to put us up. Hilary stayed there before we were married. Good-night, all. We'll meet again in the morning."

He took Hilary's arm and passed out, leaving the trio, or, to put it more correctly, Uncle Gregory and his son, looking at each other askance.

"It seems we hold the fort, Horace," he said, with a very kindly glance at the bent head of his new daughter-in-law. "It'll be a good little yarn for 'em at home. Hilary Craven looked a sick woman, but it will take her pride down a bit—eh, Horace?"

"I'm sorry for old Bob," was Horace's unexpected reply.

CHAPTER XXI

THE UNJUST JUDGE

NEXT morning before seven o'clock Merrick was swinging across the fields towards Brackens. He had left Hilary asleep, and his heart had been wrung by the sight of traces of tears on her cheek. His face wore rather a sullen, determined expression. His whole air was that of a man who means to get to the bottom of things without delay.

About half-way across the stubble he saw a figure in the distance that he had no difficulty in recognising as that of Horace. He was not sure whether he felt glad or sorry at the prospect of having it out with him first. He guessed that Horace thought it best that they should come to some sort of understanding before the affair was carried to the final court of appeal as represented by his father.

It was a most exquisite morning, the air clear and crisp like rare wine, the sky a little ruddy in the east, where the new day had risen gloriously. Usually very responsive to nature's moods and quick to discern beauty in the common things of life, Merrick for the first time took no joy in the morning.

When they came within speaking distance he merely nodded; Horace did the same. It was certainly an awkward moment.

"You've turned over a new leaf, surely," observed Merrick, with just a touch of scorn.

"I'm trying to, but I hadn't any choice this morning. I thought I'd better see you first."

"Perhaps it's just as well," answered Merrick rather shortly. "Beastly awkward hole you've got me into, Horace, and if I happened to be another sort of man I'd give you what for this morning. It might be a good thing if, just once in a while, you would make some calculations before you break out in a new place. It would give other poor beggars a chance."

Merrick spoke quietly, yet with considerable bitterness. Horace slightly winced at his words.

"I'm sorry, old chap—I am indeed. But if you asked me to explain how it all happened—well then, I can't!"

At another time Merrick might have laughed at the rueful tone of his cousin's voice. The situation had undoubtedly its comical side, though at the moment he was not just in the mood to see it.

"Fräulein Graustek has taken you in and done for you, anyhow. That's the only fact that matters at the present moment. Did she propose to you?"

"No, she didn't. But—but—well, hang it all, I've said I can't explain it. But it isn't altogether a new thing, Bob. It had been going on quite a while—since soon after she came to Schreiber's."

"Well, we needn't enter into the pros and cons. The only thing that matters to me at the present moment is—who is going to be mistress at Brackens?"

"Well, Anna expects she is going to be."

"And my wife thinks she is!" said Merrick, his face flushing rather hotly. "It's beastly, Horace, for Hilary. It doesn't matter a tuppenny dump about Anna Graustek. She would be equally pleased with a shack."

"But that's just where you're wrong—where everybody has been wrong about Anna all along," said Horace quietly. "She isn't what they all thought. She's a mighty clever, capable and ambitious woman, and she's going to lick me into shape, I can tell you! I half wish I'd never come out of the lumber-camp last time you came after me."

"I could almost say I wish you had broken your neck there," said Merrick recklessly. "Of course, I don't really mean that. But this is the limit, Horace! What's your father saying about it?"

Horace chuckled in evident enjoyment.

"The thing couldn't have happened better so far as my governor is concerned. You see, we happened to arrive at Brailsford on the very day his wire came from Montreal. We just made tracks for home and got everything shipshape."

"That was child's play after Hilary and Mrs. Ingram had had their hand in it. But you'll admit that it is hard on Hilary."

"I do admit it. She looked sick last night. But I was telling you about the governor. It seems that you had sent him a pretty stiff letter about me not long ago. I won't get at you about that in the meantime, Bob, though I felt pretty sick about it. He came out expecting to find me down to the lowest dregs, don't you know? Instead, he arrived to find an uncommonly comfortable home at Brackens—and Anna. It was simply rippin'. I've risen miles in his estimation, and he thinks you have been drawing the long-bow about me all along."

"I suppose you encouraged him in that idea," said Merrick between his teeth.

"I didn't dissipate it, you bet. There's too much at stake. He has been simply hugging himself ever since he arrived because I have turned up trumps at the last. If Anna were that kind of woman, she might well be inflated with her own conceit!"

"But was it not explained to your father that the house owed its present state entirely to Hilary—that, in point of fact, it is her house—hers and mine—and that you only happened to come there by accident?"

"Oh no. We explained nothing," said Horace airily. "He thinks that's how we've been living, and he expressed his surprise that we should have so many comforts. Why disabuse the old party's mind? It'll take him nice and comfortable back to England; and, after all, the only thing that

matters is that we should keep him sweet and get as much out of him as possible."

Merrick was silent, being filled with such loathing and contempt that he dared not trust his voice. How impossible to live his life beside such a man! Far better to break with Horace and all his ways now, and to begin anew at whatever cost.

"Well, supposing we leave this rather sore point and get nearer home, Horace. Pray, what is your solution of the

difficulty?

"I haven't any," answered Horace frankly. "But the governor has. He has made up his mind on one point, Bob, and that is that Anna and I are to have Brackens."

Merrick stood still and regarded his cousin steadily for a moment,

"But you can't, Horace, for it's mine. I made it! I got the home ready for my

wife and gave it to her."

"Oh, come! After all, it does belong to the governor, don't it? It isn't any use coming the highfalutin like that, Bob. It won't go down with him, I assure you. He's pretty fed up about some things as it is."

"I won't discuss it further with you, Horace. I'll make tracks for Brackens, and have it out with your father."

"Do; but just take a word of advice from me, Bob. I got up at an unholy hour to give it. Don't take the high-and-mighty line with the governor. It won't answer. In his present attitude towards Canada, he's prepared to stump up. He'll build another house, or do anything in reason we ask-only he must be approached in the right way."

"I'll approach him in whatever way suggests itself to me at the moment," answered Merrick coolly, and he began to

quicken his steps.

He was not easily roused to anger, but his brief colloquy with Horace, and that worthy's light and airy method of disposing of the serious situation, had roused all the passion of his soul.

In this mood he arrived at Brackens, only to find that Uncle Gregory was still making

his morning toilet.

As Horace and he reached the bottom of the slope, Uncle Gregory appeared on the balcony of his bedroom in the initial stages of his dressing and waved a friendly bath towel

"You're an early bird. Bob. Come up

"'So you've come, Bob. I suppose you are surprised to see me. Seems you marry in your own time and way out here!'"-p. 853.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

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and sit on the balcony, and I'll talk to you through the open doors and windows. Nice free sort of life this, ain't it? I was hot last night, and I pulled my bed right up to the balcony. Slept like a top! Openair cure, and no mistake!"

"Thank you, Uncle Gregory. I'll wait till you come down," said Merrick, and he held on towards the stable, anxious to get a few moments away from his cousin, who did not seek to follow him, but went indoors to see how Anna was getting on with the

preparation of breakfast.

As Merrick walked across the yard and looked round the familiar place, he was suddenly struck by the fact that it had grown dear to him. Scarcely two years had he lived there, but they had been years of poignant experience, of such work and interest as binds a man to a place with hooks of steel. His eyes beheld all the improvements he had made, and the fruit of his resource and his labour was visible everywhere. It was his own by the best right of all-the right of creation. swore that he would not step out and leave it to Horace, who, even with the aid of a solid German wife, would never be able to keep it in such order.

Inside the stable all the horses whinnied to him, and as he unloosed them, reflecting that they were at least an hour late of being set out to the fields, he felt the passion of his soul strong enough to make

him fight for Brackens,

But though a righteous anger burned in his soul, he was not a churl, and when Horace came to call him to breakfast, he did not refuse to sit down with them at meat. The little German wife gave him good-morning demurely, and Bob imagined a kind of sly satisfaction in her large, china-blue eyes. He did not withhold credit from her for what she had done for the ne'er-do-well, but he did not like the Outwardly simple though she woman. was, he imagined in her unfathomable depths of duplicity; and, anyhow, she had supplanted Hilary-had calmly stepped in and robbed her of her home.

It was natural for the new-made husband to regard that as the unforgivable sin. He decided that Anna looked not unlike an upper-class kitchen-maid in her morning frock of dark blue cotton, with a vast apron enveloping the front, her heavy hair braided closely about her head, her somewhat vacant smile, her slightly deferential

manner—all typical characteristics of the German hausfrau, whose highest destiny and ambition is to wait upon her lord and to anticipate his pleasure.

It was a feminine attitude of which Uncle Gregory approved, and he continued to beam upon her over his double eyeglass, though he did wish that it was not the German fashion to cut bacon rashers a quarter of an inch thick and to give them only a suspicion of the fire. He turned with relief to the large brown eggs standing temptingly in their little cups, and he did not fail to praise her coffee—which, indeed, was perfection—and the little morning rolls, light as thistledown, which had been in the oven while he was still dozing on his pillow.

There was no debatable matter introduced at the breakfast-table, but when the meal was over, and Uncle Gregory was comfortably disposed of in the most restful rockingchair on the veranda, Merrick, having declined the offer of a cigar, opened fire.

Meanwhile Horace, in obedience to Anna's behest, had gone off with the milkpail in search of a cow whose wandering propensities had often aggravated Merrick on busy mornings in the past.

"I shouldn't have been such an early visitor, Uncle Gregory," said Merrick quietly, "but the situation, you'll admitat least, so far as I'm concerned—is rather desperate."

"Oh no-not quite so bad as that," said Uncle Gregory good-naturedly, "only a trifle awkward for the moment."

"It may seem so to you, but it does put a man on his beam-ends to arrive home from his honeymoon and find that, through no fault of his own, he has not even a bed to offer his wife in the house he has got ready for her!"

Uncle Gregory carefully trimmed his cigar and stretched out his feet, with the immaculate white gaiters on them, while he appeared to consider in what words he should reply to this somewhat bitter charge.

"Oh, my dear fellow, you are putting the worst construction on things. As a matter of fact, if you hadn't been in such a hurry to go away last night, something might have been arranged. I, for instance, could have slept on a sofa. Thank God, I'm not particular!"

Merrick made no reply. He knew just how much such words were worth, falling from the lips of a man like his uncle, and how very much aggrieved indeed he would have felt himself had not the best in the house been put at his disposal.

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"I can't take gloomy views of anything in Canada at the present moment, Bob," he continued, "because it has been such an uncommon relief to me to find things so very different from what you represented to me in your very last letter. Now, do you think, man to man, that you have been fair to your cousin?"

Merrick reddened and prayed in some sort of an inarticulate fashion that he might have strength given to him to keep his temper. If once he came to loggerheads with his Uncle Gregory, it would be all up with him. And he knew perfectly well that he could not in the circumstances afford the luxury of an outburst.

"Every word I wrote in that letter—every word I've ever written to you about Horace, Uncle Gregory, has been not only absolutely true, but even short of the truth. Before I wrote the last letter he had been for four days drinking steadily in Scanlan's bar, and sleeping God knows where! At the very moment when I did write it nobody knew where he was, and, as I said, I hoped to find some clue to his whereabouts when I was on my honeymoon."

Uncle Gregory gave a dry and rather significant cough.

"You tell me these things, but I have only your word for it. I tome out in fear and trembling, and what do I find? A nice, comfortable homestead, and Horace

the picture of contentment and well-doing, a charming wife, and everything O.K. These are the facts, Bob, and the best thing we can do is to let the rest drop into the limbo of forgotten things."

Merrick swallowed something in his throat, but the veins stood out on his temples and his sinewy hands seemed to knot themselves at his side His uncle was practically calling him a liar and a scoundrel, and an honest man does not meet such a charge unmoved.

"Do you understand, Uncle, that you are



"'I can work for my own wife and find a roof for her 'somewhere. So good-day to you' "-p. 860.

Drawn by Harold Copping.

accusing me of being the wickedest scoundrel in the Dominion?" he said thickly.

"Hush, hush! I dislike strong language; in fact, I don't permit it in my presence," said Uncle Gregory loftily.

"Nothing else fits the case. You practically accuse me of having blackguarded Horace for my own ends, and, in a word, of having done my best to get Brackens for myself at any price, even at the price of Horace's immortal soul!"

"Highfalutin, Bob; but all the Merricks

are hot stuff," said Uncle Gregory without perturbation. "Your father would have had a better position than he has to-day if he had had the common sense to keep his tongue between his teeth and not quarrel with the authorities."

"My father has nothing to do with this case," retorted Merrick hotly, "and I shall be obliged if you will stick to the main issue, which appears to be that I tried to lie Horace out of Brackens and out of your favour. I suppose he has supported that theory and posed as a martyr, has he?"

"Horace has been both just and generous," said Uncle Gregory fatuously; and Merrick could have laughed in loud derision. "His very guardedness has made me able to read between the lines."

"It is merely a question of Horace's word against mine, then?" said Merrick, recovering himself by an obvious effort. "May I ask whether you are going to accept his without asking a single question outside? Ask Horace's wife, if you don't

want to go farther.15

"I will ask nobody. I can use my eyes, I hope," said Uncle Gregory in his most pompous way. "The fact is, Bob, you are not taking this well. The bad temper you are displaying condemns you. A righteous man can possess his soul, even when things are seemingly against him; and there is nobody against you. What we all desire is to do the fair thing and arrange matters on a just basis. It is what I am here for, at great personal inconvenience, at the busiest time of the year in our firm. But something goaded me to come. I understand now that the crisis in Horace's life had become acute, and I am glad that I obeyed the impulse which brought me out in a hurry. It has enabled me to judge as I could not have done had everything been arranged for my journey both here and on the other side,"

He spoke deliberately and significantly, and Merrick saw that nothing would ever rid his uncle's mind of the belief that he had deliberately and for his own ends sent home to England bad accounts of Horace's behaviour. He knew his Uncle Gregory well. A self-made man, he had risen by the very qualities which rendered him, in

Merrick's eyes, obnoxious,

He had often wondered, even as a boy, how his gentle Aunt Lucy, his father's sister, could ever have brought her mind to marry him. He supposed that it was only the extreme poverty of the Merricks that had driven her to such a desperate remedy, and no doubt she had paid the price.

The brief silence that ensued was charged with painful strain. It was Gregory who

broke it.

"To go back to the main issue, as you term it, it is obviously impossible that you and Horace, now married men, can live together under one roof."

"Absolutely," said Merrick sternly.

"Then, of course, Horace must live here. I am much pleased with his wife. She is the very woman for him-a dear, kind, womanly creature, with a pair of capable hands. That is the kind of wife a man needs in Canada-not a butterfly or a fashion-plate. It merely resolves itself into finding another house for you and your

"So that is all, is it?" said Merrick quietly. "Well, thank you kindly, Uncle Gregory, but I don't take your offer, Horace may have Brackens and all it coptains except my wife's personal belongings, which I shall remove to-day. I can work for my own wife, thank God, and find a roof for her somewhere. So good-day to you."

His face was white and set, his eyes blazing in his head. It was well that he should put the breadth of the stubble between him and his Uncle Gregory. Another moment, and he would have been no longer master of himself.

"Idiot, come back!" called out Uncle Gregory down the veranda steps after him.

But Merrick paid no heed.

Uncle Gregory was put out, of course, but not too seriously. He had unburdened his mind and given his nephew the necessary plain speech he had determined upon from the first moment of his arrival. That being over, he was quite prepared to play the part of generous uncle once more under certain conditions.

"An ill-conditioned young cub!" he muttered, "and no doubt Horace has had a good deal to put up with since they came out. And never a word of complaint! Bob has done all the complaining. It just shows how one may be mistaken even in

relations."

He put a fresh match to his cigar and puffed for a few moments in silence; then he got up and went into the house.

The table had been cleared, and the clatter of crockery in the scullery directed

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him where to find his new daughter-in-law. She was washing up, with a blue-and-white check apron carefully tied over her fresh white one and an expression of supreme content on her face. Things had turned out far better than she had anticipated for the little German governess.

"Horace?" she said, turning with her slow but rather sweet smile. "He hass gone to milk ze cow. Ach, she is so tiresome! Sometimes ve vill haf to find her - oh, ever so far!"

Gregory smiled.

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"I suppose you did not hear what Bob Merrick and I were saying out on the veranda, Anna?"

"Ach, no. I haf been busy. Von must be, in ze morning, or tings get all—you say in English—muddled up."

"Right you are. Now, my dear, you are one of the family, and I am going to talk quite frankly to you. As you have married Horace, it is to be supposed that you know something about the inner workings of this place."

"Ze what?" she asked timidly, but with a quick, alert note in her voice.

"Know how things have been going on here, I suppose?" he answered, adjusting his language to her simpler comprehension.

"Oh, yes. They haf had a very good harvest here this year ze best they haf had in Canada for a long time."

"And Horace and his cousin have been working together side by side, taking equal shares in everything."

"Oh, yes. I tink so," she answered steadily. Then after a moment she added, with a slight uplifting of her level brows, "Mister Meerick he vas always ze boss, and llorace he not like it quite."

Gregory nodded delightedly, because

these few simple words amply corroborated his own now deeply rooted idea. Bob Merrick had not behaved well nor run on straight, clean lines. He had sought to besmirch his cousin for his own ends. Well, just treatment should be meted out to him, but not generous. He must be made to perceive the light in which honest men regarded him.

"Mister Meerick, he haf gone?" said Anna inquiringly and with the slightly appealing air which Gregory particularly liked.

"Oh, yes-in a beastly temper."

"And vill he come back wif his vifeyes?"

"As to that I don't know, but I think it unlikely. At least, they won't come to stop. You are the mistress of Brackens, and I am uncommonly well pleased that it should be so. My poor boy will now have a chance to prove what stuff he is made of."

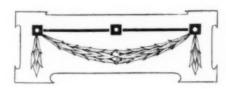
"Oh, tank you, ve shall be very happy," said Anna softly. "My! it is a lofely place."

"It is indeed, and you will make a real home of it, I can see. I shall go back to old England fully satisfied about my poor boy. I can never be thankful enough to Providence for guiding me to come when I did. It was what they call the psychological moment, eh?"

"I tink so," answered Anna with a smile as she walked to the scullery door to throw out the water with which she had been washing up.

She was just a second or two in coming back, because her eyes were watching the tall figure of Merrick striding, like a being pursued, across the bare fields in the direction of Glenairne.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE]



WHAT IS THE BEST DIET?

A Straightforward Word on a Vexed Question

By a LONDON PHYSICIAN

"The knife kills more than the sword." What a lot of human misery would be avoided if people only obeyed the elementary laws of Nature in regard to diet! A well-known doctor gives his views on this vexed question

TO be properly up-to-date, it seems, nowadays, one must have pronounced theories on dieting.

In no other way can one account for the constantly increasing number of people who look down on us lesser mortals who eat ordinary meals, while they, the know-it-alls, quarrel among themselves over the relative values and virtues of vegetarianism, fruit-arianism, the "brainy" diet and the "nerve" diet, Fletcherism, and the starvation cure.

Of all these "Foods for the Gods," Fletcherism is, perhaps, the only one which cannot be called a fad in the true sense of the term. The starvation cure, under the direction of a doctor, is also in certain suitable cases of some benefit. The point is that it should never be tried without a doctor's supervision.

Of the remaining cults, little need be said. The fact that a certain rigid diet may happen to suit some particular individual is no excuse for that person's trying to make all the world follow his food-regime.

It doesn't take a very deep study of the diet question to realise that the choice of foods, important as it is, is less vital than the problems of how much we eat, when we eat it, and how we eat it.

What is Needed

Let us consider first, then, the different kinds of food the body needs if it is to keep in the best working trim. First, in order and importance, come the proteids or "meaty foods," found chiefly in meats, cheese, eggs, milk, wheat, and in peas and beans, etc. The importance of these proteid foods lies in their power to repair the wastage caused by the wear and tear constantly going on in our muscles. Next come the fats, which supply our bodies with heat; and then we have the carbohydrates or starches, found in vegetables, grains, roots, sugar and milk, etc. These starchy foods are the main source of

the body's energy. For example, they supply the heart with power to pump the blood round the circulatory tract. Lastly, our foods must contain a certain amount of mineral salts, such as magnesia, phosphorus, iron, lime, potash of soda, etc. These are found in both animal and vegetable foods. Without them the other foods would prove useless. Our nerves would soon tumble to pieces, our blood become disordered, and, in a word, we would soon cease to live, if we neglected to eat sufficient of these invaluable mineral salts.

How Much to Eat

Now, as to the amount we ought to eat. In the first place, beyond a certain point much of the food we eat becomes waste and turned into poisons, owing to the digestive system being unable to cope with the excess. Being thus unable to absorb it, the digestive tract becomes "clogged up," and, like a machine in a similar condition, soon breaks down.

The point is, then, that everyone ought to find out for himself the amount on which his human machine will run best without clogging or breaking down. At the same time, the food must produce sufficient energy and repair material, etc., to keep the whole system healthy and in full working order.

The man who deliberately starves himself does himself as much harm as the man who eats too much. If he eats too little, his health will rapidly degenerate, his nerves will become run down, and his vitality will diminish. He therefore will become more open to colds and chills, etc., and, not having the strength to resist them, such trouble of the lungs as bronchitis, consumption, etc., are much more likely than in the well-fed

It has been very truly said that the proper amount, and more or less than the proper amount, cannot possibly have the exactly same effects upon the digestion. Now, while underfeeding is practically a negligible quantity among men, it is a not at all uncommon mistake of young women, particularly those who are in business.

Eating Too Much

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Instead of eating too little, most authorities are agreed that the average man eats two-thirds more food than he really needs. This applies to both rich and poor—the poor eating poor food too often and too much, while the rich eat rich food too often and too much; and both are ill.

It is not too much to say, then, that if we could bring ourselves to eat plain food only, rich and poor alike, two-thirds of our present amounts would be ample to keep us in health, provided we ate a sufficient variety of foods.

The old saying that "One man's meat is another man's poison" is applicable to most forms of food. So, as regards choice of foods, we must leave a good deal to our individual likes and dislikes. Practically, the only rule one can make is that each individual should choose a diet which fits to a certain extent with the variety of work he is called upon to accomplish.

Take, for instance, the man who swings a heavy hammer all day, and the man who sits at a desk without much muscular effort, and uses his brain instead. The hammerswinger requires foods which will make up for the wastage of muscle tissues and muscular energy, rather than foods which will stimulate the brain and nerves. These latter would be needed by the man at the desk, who uses his brain to a much greater extent than his muscles.

It must be remembered, however, that man, in practice, cannot feed one part of his anatomy alone. In other words, the brain cannot live and the muscles cannot work unless the rest of the body is also fed, and so kept in unison with the health of those parts.

How, then, should the diet of the hammerswinger and the man at the desk vary in order to supply best the needs of each?

Here are some tables of results, drawn up by Dr. Playfair, from which anyone can estimate for himself how much of the different types of food he needs:

	Flesh- formers (proteids)	Fats	Fats and sugar oz. oz.
	02.	02.	
Subsistence only .	2.0	0.5	12.0
Quietude	2.5	1.0	12.0
Moderate exercise	4.5	1.8	18.7
Active labour .	5.2	2.5	20.0
Hard work	6.5	2.5	20.0

We can roughly assume that the moderate exercise is the equivalent of our man at the desk, and the hard work represents the life of the hammer-swinger. The man at the desk, leading a sedentary life, needs less in amount, but perhaps may be granted foods which are rather higher in nourishing and stimulating qualities than the hammer-swinger, who will need more in amount, and foods which are more sustaining and higher muscular-energy producers.

How, then, is this to be gauged? By the appetite of each individual. The appetite is the best judge of the amount one needs. I do not mean by this the common idea of appetite, which is to eat and eat till one lies back in one's chair, only too willing to drop off to sleep. I mean the appetite which leads one to eat just sufficient to remove one's hunger-no more; and to be able to rise from the table feeling that after a twenty minutes' rest one can resume one's duties or pastimes without inconvenience. City man who, after his midday lunch, goes back to his office knowing that he won't feel like work for another hour or so, can take it as a fact that he has eaten more than he needs or his digestion can readily take care of.

An Argument from Prison

Now, if the "bills of fare" as obtain in H.M. Prisons were placed before the average business man, he would at once declare that the amount was not sufficient, because it is much less than he ordinarily eats. Well, let us look at the results obtained from this "insufficient" diet. We find that the prisoners keep in better health, they gain weight, and can work as hard, if not harder, than ordinary well-behaved citizens.

Some may argue that the prisoner does not work so hard while on this diet as he does while outside the prison, but I am referring to the section of men who are doing "hard labour" in the quarries and workshops of the prisons. How, then, is this result brought about? The prisoner does not sleep longer or get more exercise, nor does he get more rest between his various tasks. He thrives and waxes lusty because he does not get any chance to overeat (nor, for that matter, undereat). He has sufficient and no more; it is given him at regular hours and in regular amounts.

Another mistake of the average City man's lunch is that no sooner has he finished it than he rushes out of the restaurant to some appointment, or else back to his office under the plea that business will not wait. He forgets that sooner or later all his business will have to wait, for under such circumstances his health will be bound to suffer in the end. The interruptions to digestion caused by rushing back to work immediately after an unnecessarily heavy meal will, if made a habit, invariably lead The business man with to dyspepsia. dyspepsia, seven times out of ten, lapses into neurasthenia, when active work will be no longer possible.

The Morning Rush

The hurried consumption of the morning breakfast, followed by the rush to catch the train, acts, of course, in precisely the same wav. Watch the inquests in heart failure cases. You will notice that quite a large proportion of deaths occur in men rushing for the morning train. Even if heart failure is avoided, the common practice of rushing off to catch a train in the morning immediately after breakfast is a very dangerous one. By the end of the meal, digestion has already commenced, and the little blood vessels that supply the glands and muscular coating of the stomach are full of blood. Now, rapid exercise, such as running or walking fast, demands that all the muscles of the limbs and body, as well as the lungs, shall be fully supplied with blood. Consequently, the blood is drawn away from the stomach to supply the wants of the limbs and bodymuscles and the lungs. By the time the train has been reached, digestion has been stopped through want of blood in the stomach glands, and it is not until he has cooled down, and the heart beat and breathing rate has become normal again, that the blood called away from the stomach region by the vigorous

exercise can return to continue the work of digestion.

By this time, however, the evil has been accomplished. The penalty will probably be slight indigestion for the next hour or two. If the hurried morning meal and rushing for the train become a habit, what wonder if some organ or other becomes worn out under the strain? Even if heart trouble is avoided, chronic dyspepsia is bound to be set up.

And, finally, if you are to get the maximum of good and the minimum of harm from what you cat, see that your teeth are kept in a state of good repair, and are willing and trained to chew every mouthful thoroughly. Remember, that no matter how readily digestible a food may be, unless it is thoroughly torn to pieces by the teeth before swallowing, so that the digestive juices in the mouth, the stomach and the whole digestive tract can reach every fibre of it, digestion will be delayed and part of its good will be lost.

Eat slowly, then, keep to moderate amounts of foods which are plain and wholesome, chew every mouthful thoroughly, and take your meals at regular intervals. The stomach takes three or four hours to empty itself of a full meal, and it ought to have a little rest for recuperation in between meals. So, unless there is very good reason otherwise, there ought to be at least a four-hour interval between the light breakfast and the midday meal, and a similar, if not longer, interval between the midday and evening meals. If you must eat anything solid with your tea, make it something light and readily digestible. You cannot possibly need any real food in mid-afternoon, and anything solid you eat at four or five o'clock is bound to interfere more or less with digestion of your evening meal, unless you sup or dine fairly late.

The final point to remember is that you don't have to keep down to any rigorous, unpleasant diet. A little common sense, enough self-control to keep from overeating, a little care to see that all the different varieties of foodstuffs the body needs—the proteids, fats, starches, and sugars—are adequately represented on your table, and for you, at least, the great question, "What is the best health diet," is solved.

"The sharp white teeth closed his long and evil life"—p. 866.

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Brawn by W. Reynolds.

WOODLAND STORIES

A New Series of Nature Studies

By S. L. BENSUSAN

No. 2.-THE GAME HEN

DOWN among the willows in the plantation leading to the river bank the Game Hen lived for the time in a large coop, and nursed her family with as much attention as they cared to receive. Her affection was mixed with astonishment and anxiety, for never in her long life, extending now over two years, had she seen one of her own kind with such a family. There were nine of them, and she loved them dearly, but every mother's son and daughter had webbed feet and flat bills; their language was not hers, and they would swim for hours in the sunken trough at the far end of the wired run as though water were their natural element. At first, when her family ran out and ventured boldly into the water, she had flung herself against the bars of the coop; now she accepted the situation, though she could not pretend to like it. Only a month ago, when she felt the instinct of motherhood strong upon her, she had ceased to lay and had sat brooding in one of the nesting boxes in the big fowl-house on the uplands. One night she had been lifted off the two eggs that she guarded so jealously and nine larger than her own had been committed to her care. She had hatched them all, only to experience the shock that must come to a sensitive hen that brings ducklings into the world.

She looked out between the bars to where the ducklings were plashing in the falling light of a late May afternoon; beyond the little trough the rising grass moved ominously.

"Come back, come back!" she shrilled,

THE QUIVER

but the little ones had heard the cry too often and did not regard it. Only when the head and whiskers of an ugly old rat rose from the cover within an inch or two of the water did they take fright and scramble, helter skelter, through the run into the coop, where the Game Hen covered them all beneath her feathers and waited with trailed wings and head erect and vigilant eyes. The rat trotted round along the side of the wire, looking out very sharply for any point where the defences might be weak, but the fine mesh and frequent stakes baffled him. He sat down on his haunches within full view of the Game Hen.

"Good evening, neighbour," he said, "I'm

sorry to see you shut up like that for the sake of such worthless, disobedient children. A fine bird like you ought to be on the hill-side enjoying liberty. Don't make that noise, I beg," he went on, for the Game Hen was in a towering rage and screaming at the top of her voice; "I wish to do you a service. Let me have those wretched brats, and then the Man will put you back in one of the runs. They are not worth anything to anybody."

"If you come near them I'll kill you," cried the Game Hen. "Be off, you filthy creature, or you'll be sorry."

"Nonsense," replied the old rat, hiding his anger as best he could. "I'm bound to have them, if I have to burrow under the

wire to reach you. I've a family to look after, and they are hungry. Here goes, I——"

He moved towards the wire. His own eagerness and the frenzied cries of the Game Hen had made him deaf to the light patter of Turk's feet. Almost before he could turn to race for the shelter of the long grass the fox terrier was upon him: his cry of terror was only half uttered as the sharp white teeth closed his long and evil life. "Good dog!" said the Man who followed some thirty or forty yards behind. Hearing the mother bird's outcries, he had sent the terrier forward.

From that time the ducklings knew fear and came readily to their foster parent's call, and as the days lengthened, and they grew strong and sturdy, all were released during the day, and the Game Hen, reconciled to their odd love of water, would stalk by the side of the ditches while they swam in the shallows. Soon they were received on friendly terms by the deni-



"She accepted the situation, though she could not pretend to like it "-p. 865.

Drawn by W. Reynalds.

zens of the reeds and rushes. In the long, still hours of middle day, when all the land was silent and the heat quivered over meadow and marsh, they played with the children of the wild duck, some ten sturdy little fellows who had been born in the old willow stub by the bend of the river and had learned to scuttle to cover so quickly that their presence would have been undiscovered but for the Man's habit of studying the low-lying fleets with a small spy-glass from his summer-house on the hill. They played, too, with the children of the moor-hen, the prettiest little black babies imaginable, whose mother had built a very exposed nest at the water's edge and explained to the Game Hen that they were a second brood. "An old rat ate the first lot," she said sadly, " a hideous old fellow, almost grey, but he hasn't been about lately"; and the Game Hen told her how that same rat had been put beyond the reach of further mischief.

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Life was very pleasant by the water, and the Game Hen was well content to dwell with her young charges and take her way among the fragrant meadow-sweet, the drop-worts, and buck bean, keeping one eye for them and another for dainties. She even learned to walk in some of the shallow water if any of the little ones were in trouble, and as the place was full of insects of every kind she fed generously. Towards evening she would lead her family back to the coop, which would be closed by the Man before nightfall—a very necessary precaution. Twice it was visited by a hungry fox, whose best efforts failed to effect an entrance; several times she woke to consciousness that the hedgehogs, who had brought a young family to life in the neighbouring ditch, were testing every corner of her shelter. Both fox and hedgehogs could tell what was within by their unerring scent, and though the latter would hardly have secured a half-grown duckling, they would have done their best.

The nights were very noisy. Among the rushes the sedge warbler would sing to the moon; nightingales were in full song in the plantation on the hill; the cuckoo mocked them; and blackbirds, waking from slumber, would sing for a few minutes, just to show that they had not said all they wished to say when twilight fell.

But the sounds that filled the night were not all beautiful. More than once the Game



'A rabbit scudded past with a hungry stoat in full pursuit."

Drawn by W. Reynolds.

Hen woke to a shrill cry of terror and dismay, as a rabbit scudded past with a hungry stoat

in full pursuit. The shrick would die down almost to a whimper as pursuer came up to pursued and with one sharp bite brought the little tragedy to its appointed close.

No rats came to the coop now, but when the ducklings and their foster mother received their morning meal a small crowd of impudent sparrows would wait at a convenient distance until the Man had gone away, and would then swoop down upon the dish and eat their fill. The Game Hen would endeavour to drive them off, but it was in vain, and the ducklings did not trouble; they were too busy, and even if they had not been fed every night and morning they could have picked up a good living on the rich ground now teeming with insect life. They were growing restless now, and several times marched in single file down to the little river and revelled at their ease in the soft, warm water. There were one or two deep pools not far from the bank, and one fine day, as they swam to and fro on one, a great flat jaw protruded for a moment above the surface and one fat duckling, splashing and protesting at the top of its little strength, was drawn below. A hungry pike had found a good breakfast. The Game Hen came near to drowning herself in a vain attempt to intervene, and then withdrew her frightened flock to one of the shallow ditches, never again to venture on to the dangerous water that could deal out sudden death in this fashion.

Long hours of wading in the wet and the constant immersions were beginning to tell upon the Game Hen, and a spell of cold, cheerless weather, while it did no harm to the ducklings, made her worse. She walked with a limp, her legs were swollen with rheumatism, her appetite failed, and she grew quite thin. But the instinct of motherhood was still unimpaired, and, for all the pain that accompanied walking, she would not let the young ones go from her sight. They were quite destitute of affection. To them she was a protector and nothing more, and they pursued their careless way over land and water without seeking to accommodate their growing speed to her failing strength. Had the Man noticed her state, she would have been taken to the infirmary-a big shed on the hill divided off into compartments in which many a sick fowl was treated successfully. But there were a dozen other families to watch; the land called for attention in all directions; orchards, vegetable and

flower garden claimed every hour of the day; it was hard to see that the simplest wants of all were satisfied.

"You work too hard, madam," said the moor-hen. "Your family is quite able to look after itself."

"Quite right," remarked the kingfisher, who sat sunning himself on the alder branch above her. "It is possible to do too much for one's children. I never do. As soon as they are old enough to look after themselves and have learned to strike a fish neatly, I send them out in the world. They must not come into my territory at all."

"I'm very well, thank you," replied the Game Hen bravely. "You see, my little ones are so inexperienced. Excuse me." And she hobbled painfully after them.

That night she sank exhausted in a comer of the coop, quite unable to eat, and the ducklings jostled her as they sought to secure comfortable quarters; they were growing so fast that the coop was becoming uncomfortably small. All night she lay helpless, breathing with difficulty, and when the Man came down soon after seven she could not rise to her feet.

For the first time he noticed her condition and guessed the cause. "Legs and lungs," he said, and leaving the ducklings to look after themselves, carried her carefully away to bathe her crippled feet and give her medicine and put her in a warm corner of the "hospital," where she could feel the sun and see the fowl-runs and their tenants.

All through the long summer day she watched them, with dull eyes that were slowly glazing. She saw hens that had been her companions leading strong young broods of their own species, and the splendid Indian Game Cock who had been her lord strutted beneath her, unconscious of or indifferent to her presence. Far below her on the water meadows she could catch an occasional glimpse of her foster children playing where they listed, already quite reconciled to her absence. Across the yard Turk, the terrier, dozed on his chain. The hot day waxed and waned, a little chill breeze sprang up in the wake of the afternoon, the fowls that were unpenned came slowly up from the lush meadows to await their evening meal, the milk-white pigeons gathered on the highest ridge of the barn to sun themselves in the sun's last rays, and the Game Hen shuddered and gasped and died.

Photo : A. Leader, Bristol.

My Creed

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I WOULD be true, for there are those who trust me;

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I would be strong, for there is much to suffer; I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless

I would be giving, and forget the gift; I would be humble, for I know my weakness; I would look up and laugh and loveand lift.

-HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

True Valour

DO not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But, since little things are always claiming your attention, do these as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win His smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valour at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ.

To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station, to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry, to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the

pillory and stake; to find the one noble trait in people that try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of Godthis makes a great life.-F. B. MEYER.



Do Something

HOWEVER perplexed you may at any hour become about some question of truth, one refuge and resource is always at hand: you can do something for someone besides yourself. When your own burden is heaviest, you can always lighten a little some other burden. At the times when you cannot see God, there is still open to you this sacred possibility, to show God; for it is the love and kindness of human hearts through which the Divine reality comes home to men, whether they name it or not. Let this thought, then, stay with you: there may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—George S. Merriam.



Enjoying Life

WE are missing the lesson of life, the plain duty it enjoins upon us, if we do not enjoy it. We talk of service to our fellow,

THE QUIVER

but there is no better service we can render than to show him a smiling face. That is our personal advertisement of the fact that God's world is a good one, and that we may take heart in believing it. Enjoyment is to be cultivated as a virtue; to be cultivated because it is largely an art. It is from our stupidity that we so often miss it. . . . "God's in His heaven," sings the poet; yes, and in His earth too, and that is why it is good to be alive.

-J. BRIERLEY.



The Secret of Work

THE crucial question is whether we shall do our day's work as mere drudges, whose main interest is in counting the hours till evening, or those who are fulfilling a high commission. In that lies the secret of strenuousness and of perfect workmanship. If we are certain that the Master of Life has trusted us to do something in the world which no other but ourselves can do, then labour is freed from its heaviness and its dangers. The grumbling of some, the petty jealousy of others, the self-indulgence of others, will cease to wound or tempt. It is not to them, nor to those who misunderstand you, that you labour.

Quietly and patiently do your day's work with all your might, remembering only that it is God's trust to you, and that you must keep faith with Him,—Dr. Kelman.



HUMAN companionship counts for very much in life, but I think there is no doubt that the sharpest corners must always be turned alone. So it is now; so it will be when the great change comes, and we must e'en let go the warm fingers that cling to ours. Like children stumbling in the dark, we stretch out our hands into the unknown, but not in vain, no, not in vain,—F. F. MONTRESOR.



OUR greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. -Confectus,

Through the Night

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But—tasks in hours of insight willd,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilld.

With aching hands and b'ceding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return.

Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.



DOES not every fresh morning that succeeds a day of gloom and east wind seem to remind us that for a living spirit, capable, because living, of renovation, there can be no such thing as "failure," whatever a few past years may say?

-REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.



IF there be anyone so bitterly discouraged with the failures of the past that he has ceased to believe in himself and given up the struggle, let him hear once more this often repeated word, "God believes in you; go, and sin no more."—Dr. Kelman.



No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul. There were times during our Lord's ministry when, even from the loneliness of desert places, He dismissed His most faithful and most beloved, that He might be yet more alone.

- F. W. FARRAR.



WOULD you be like Christ? Cultivate love of beauty and tenderness. His soul was alive to beauty. He noted the rising and the setting sun, the waving com, the lily of the field. His was love which insult could not ruffle, nor ribaldry embitter, and which only grew sweeter and sweeter.

-F. W. ROBERTSON.

(Selection sent in for the "Quotations Competition" by Miss A. M. Fraser.)



THE CALL

An Episode of the Bush

By M. P. DUNLOP

We in the city or small country town do not realise the tremendous difficulties that have to be faced by the pioneers of civilisation. This little sketch—a true story—gives an impression of life in the Australian Bush, as a doctor sees it.

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D "Hallo! Is that Central? Give me double 4 2 1, please.

"Hallo! Is that Dr. Cityman? Mrs. Townley is speaking. Could you come round at once, please? My little girl seems very unwell this evening, and I am rather anxious about her.

"What's that? Oh, you'll be here in a few minutes. Thank you, doctor."

Birr-r-r

This is the call of the city mother. Her doctor with his motor-car at the end of her telephone wire. The feeling of security that should he be engaged there are a dozen others equally skilful, ready to attend her call at a moment's notice.

How different the call of the Bush mother! For her there is no telephone to summon the distant doctor, perhaps fifty miles away. No neighbour, more than likely, within an hour's ride. Her husband away from home,

and no messenger to send.

Volunteers there would be in plenty were her distress known; but often she keeps her trouble to herself until too late, for the Bush is the place of wide distances, and callers are few and far between. When the simple home remedies fail, the desperate Bush mother, leaving her child to the mercy of Providence, hurries to the nearest homestead and then the messenger goes forth.

Then the feeling of utter helplessness through the long hours of waiting. The straining of weary eyes for the galloping horseman who surely must soon top the range.

Ah! City mother, when you read these lines, breathe a prayer for your Bush sister. Your child, sleeping in the tiny cot upstairs, is no dearer to you than the child of the lonely Bush mother—the one joy, perhaps, n the life of the pioneer's wife.

90

The doctor's lamp cast ruddy reflections

in the water lying in pools before the surgery door.

The rain was falling with dreary persisency, a cold, stinging wind and the awful state of the roads gave little encouragement for folk to venture out of doors, consequently the little Bush township of Boonara was, at the early hour of 10 p.m., entirely deserted.

Inside the surgery all was cosy comfort. The doctor, sitting at ease in a huge armchair, before the blazing, open fireplace, was happy.

He had just returned from his last visit for the night, and was now deep in the intricacies of the *British Medical Journal*, to hand by the last mail.

As he sat there, steeped in the technicalities of one of the recent marvellous feats of surgery, he forgot for the time being his surroundings—forgot the loneliness of the Bush and the altogether uncongenial environment in which his lot was cast.

Deep in the mysteries of his journal he at first paid no heed to the peremptory summons of the night bell. A second and longer ring, however, brought him to his feet with a start. Pulling on his warm slippers, he hurried to the door, wondering who his late visitor could be.

To his consternation and surprise the disturber of his quietude was a black fellow—an utter stranger.

The man seemed exhausted, and the horse from which he had hurriedly dismounted stood in the drizzling rain with head and neck extended, and heaving sides—a picture

of distress.

Helping the tired rider inside, the doctor poured him out a stiff reviver, which he swallowed at a gulp. The rider then pulled open his dripping oilskin and, pointing to the badge on his blue tunic, said:

"Me Tom Gold, black-tracker from Tarrabong, Little boy very sick, Want you, doctor. You pick em up new horse Wales' place."

The doctor gazed at the tracker in amazement.

"When did you leave Tarrabong, Tom?" he asked.

"'Bout eight 'clock, doctor."

"Eight o'clock?" echoed the doctor, "You must be mistaken. You never did the forty miles in two hours, with the road as it is."

"Yes. Sergeant told me ride pretty quiek. Got new horses Tangra Station and Mista Wales. Road very bad," said the black simply.

" Is the sergeant's boy sick, then?"

"Don't know who sick, doctor. Only told me send you pretty quick."

Seeing that he was only wasting valuable time with questions, the doctor quickly made preparation for his long night ride.

Scribbling a note, he handed it to the tracker, telling him to take it to the hotel, where he and his horse would be looked after for the night.

Whilst packing his saddle bag with a few of the drugs most likely to be needed, the doctor obtained a few rather vague directions from the tracker as to the best and quickest route, his quick professional eye telling him at once it would be useless to attempt to take the black back with him as a guide. A few minutes later the surgery was in darkness and the doctor set out on his powerful grey, armed only with the very meagre directions the tracker had given him. Had he thought of it, he might possibly have arranged with someone in the town to ride with him, but that would have meant delay, and delay in an urgent call like this was not to be thought of.

For the first ten miles or so all went well, The doctor knew this part of the road fairly well, and he made good progress.

A few miles farther on his troubles began. The made road ended abruptly as he plunged into the heavily timbered country at the foot of the Dourigan Ranges. Here the road, if such it could be called, was in a dreadful state. The past weeks of incessant rain had soaked into the rich, black, loamy soil, and even the little traffic there had been on it had churned it up badly, leaving here and there dangerous bog holes.

Along this treacherous surface the doctor carefully made his way, every nerve in his body strained to breaking-point, A fall here meant disaster; not to himself, perhaps—he did not think of that. It was his horse he thought of. For the big grey carried two lives that night—the doctor's and the child's. Through the bog at last, then better going for a time, then bog again, and so on for ten dreary, nerve-racking miles.

At last a faint pin-point of light in the distance denoted the first stopping-place, a change of horses, and a little more than half the journey accomplished. The horse was ready, also a cup of strong hot coffee, which the rider appreciated. No time for talking; only a grip of the hand and an unspoken prayer for a safe journey by the selector's wife, who was alone, and the doctor was off again.

Here the country was better, and he role on steadily without mishap for another five miles. Then a complete change. Before him rose the dark, grim, forest-clad range which divides the Richmond and the Clarence waters. A formidable barrier at any time, but now, with its steep sides slippery as glass, and only the dim, uncertain light from the cloud-obscured moon to show the way, it was a road that few would care to travel.

The doctor did not hesitate, but forced his horse on and on—dismounting and leading him at places where the track became impracticable.

Thus scrambling, slipping and pulling, they at last reached the top of the range, about as nearly knocked up as rider and horse could be.

A spell for a few minutes only, then off again down the long, narrow, winding track.

This side of the range was worse than the other, for it was fully exposed to the fierce westerly winds and rain storms which beat against its rugged surface.

It was darker, too, for another heavy bank of clouds had covered the sky, and the rain was again falling in torrents. Riding was now out of the question. The doctor dismounted again and plunged on, splashing and slipping through pools of liquid mud wherever the track was level enough to retain it, digging his heels in and guiding and steadying his horse as best he could.

Out on the level ground once more, only to be met by a wildly rushing torrent. The doctor had already crossed and recrossed the river some nine or ten times, for the oint. A himself,
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"Then, just as the rider was congratulating himself on a safe crossing, a huge, jagged limb crashed into them"—p. 874.

Drawn by W. Sewell.

track followed the course of the river as soon as it reached the hilly country. This crossing was the worst, for the heavy rains had made it deep and dangerous, confined as it was at this part between steep high banks.

Dragging off his oilskin coat, the doctor strapped it to the front of his saddle. It is not well to venture across a flooded creek encumbered with a heavy, clumsy overall.

Plunging into the swirling waters, the horse gallantly struck out for the opposite bank, snorting wildly as he strove for mastery with the fierce current.

Cool and quiet the doctor sat, making no effort to guide his horse, knowing well the plucky animal was doing his best.

Once a floating log flashed by in the dim light—a narrow escape for both.

Then, just as the rider was congratulating himself on a safe crossing, a huge, jagged limb, half submerged, crashed into them, its sharp splintered end dealing the horse a cruel blow in the flank. A sudden numbing pain shot through the doctor's leg—a projecting branch had struck him. Fortunately they were near the bank and in shallow water, and after floundering and plunging helplessly the horse and rider at last struggled out, nearly spent with their exertions.

The horse was now limping painfully, and the doctor was almost in despair. He was wet through to the skin, and his leg was bruised and aching. However, he must keep on.

Riding on, slowly now, for the horse was done, the animal suddenly stopped, reared, and swerved sideways, throwing the doctor into a newly erected barbed wire fence.

The sharp prongs cut deep into his flesh as he crashed against them. Stunned for the moment the doctor lay half suspended by the now slackened wires. As he scrambled to his feet, smarting from a dozen deep gashes in his hands and limbs, his clothing torn and rent beyond repair, the doctor looked round to see how his faithful companion had fared. The horse had disappeared. He was not far off, for he could be plainly heard crashing through the scrub some distance away.

The doctor hurried in pursuit, and after some twenty minutes' tiring chase, succeeded in securing him. A hasty examination showed no serious damage had resulted from the encounter with the wire fence, One stirrup leather and iron was missing, and the doctor made no attempt to find it amongst the dense undergrowth,

Leading his horse along the fence, the doctor tried to locate himself. He knew he was off the track, for surely a wire fence should not bar the road. At last he reached a corner post from which the fence turned at right angles. He understood now what had happened. In that wild struggle in the torrent he had been carried downstream much farther than he expected, and in his confused state of mind, after his narrow escape from death, he had not taken notice. For some time the weary rider kept on, riding stiffly now, with only one stirrup to help to ease his aching body, until he came upon a camp of road-makers. Here he was willingly supplied with a new leather and iron to replace the lost one, and at last, after a long three hours of solid hard work, he arrived at the outskirts of the little township of Tarrabong.

A light in one of the few houses showed him where his services were needed.

It was a tired and weary man who dismounted at the door, but it was the alert professional who stood at the bedside a second later.

All thoughts of the long and trying journey were dissipated as he concentrated his mind on the case before him.

A few questions and a short examination were sufficient. The child was beyond all human skill. The disease had too firm a grip, and the long ride was all for nothing.



"And what was the doctor's recompense?" my city readers may ask. "Ten, twenty, thirty, or fifty guineas?"

In this instance a ruined suit of clothes, an aching body, an injured limb, and some scars which time would never efface went to the debit side of the doctor's mental ledger, and there is in all probability no entry on the opposite side—not even the memory of a life saved!

This, then, is the true story of a Bush doctor's ride, and should the reading of it touch but one chord of sympathy in the hearts of my readers for those whose lives are set in the silent, lonely places of the Bush, my tribute to the courage and humanity of the Bush doctor will not have been written in vain.

SOME HUMOURS OF MISSIONARY DEPUTATION

By C. W. L. CLIFT

The speaker at the missionary meeting tells some humorous incidents of his work among far-off savages; but often his most amusing experiences are among the people at home. Here the yeil is lifted a little.

IT was when we had been driven home from the mission-field by ill-health, and my husband was working in a country practice in Cumberland, that I had my first acquaintance of missionary deputation work. It was impossible for him to leave his post, and speakers were urgently needed for medical mission meetings. I speedily learnt that I must be prepared for varied experiences-at one place I would be met perhaps by a luxurious carriage, given a delightful room with glowing fire, so welcome to the chilled traveller accustomed to the tropical heat of the East; at another, conducted to a damp "Apartments to Let" bedroom, as no one could be found willing to be saddled with the task of entertaining a missionary.

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"To her dismay the deputation was ushered in before lunch."

"That Dreadful Deputation!"

I had some curious adventures, but none quite equal to that of a deputation who once turned up at his host's house some hours before he was expected. The host and hostess were a newly married couple, and the young wife had been doubtful how to entertain the deputation in the afternoon until the return of her husband from business.

"Oh, find out if he smokes and send him into the garden," suggested the husband. But to her dismay the door bell rang, and the deputation was ushered in before lunch. How were the long hours to be filled? The meeting itself was not to be held until the evening. To the hostess's joy it appeared that the deputation did smoke, and after lanch he strolled out into the garden.

When the light was waning, the lady came down into the draw ng-room and with great delight saw, as she believed, her husband siting on the sofa. There was a quick rustle of skirts across the shadowy room, two soft arms were flung round the astonished deputation's neck, and a sweet voice whispered in his ear, "Oh, darling, you have

come at last! That dreadful deputation has been here since twelve o'clock!"

Sometimes the deputation finds himself in a luxurious town mansion. He is whirled to the lecture hall or parish room in a delightful motor-car. The next day he penetrates into the depths of the country, and his host drives him from the village station along silent lanes to some remote parish, where the coming of the missionary from "furrin parts" is an annual event of no small importance.

It was in one such parish that a deputation was impatiently waiting the appearance of the vicar and his ancient pony-carriage which was to convey him to the nearest railway station some miles away. His watch warned him that he would hardly arrive in time for the one possible train unless he departed at once. Still the vicar urged, still he lingered—"Why go? Why not stay another night with me?"—until the poor deputation in despair got into the carriage and politely insisted on immediate departure. The pony seemed paralysed, nothing would induce him to hurry, and the vicar's long-drawn-out conversation seemed

to lull the animal to sleep as he jog-trotted along the lonely lanes. They arrived at the station in time to see the train vanishing in the distance! "There!" said the vicar triumphantly, but a little guiltily, "your train has gone, and now I will confess I lingered on purpose "-and a pathetic expression came into his worn face-" for I am so lonely here and I wanted you to stay another night." The missionary took his disappointment with as good a grace as possible, and the pony's head was turned homewards again. It was dusk when they arrived at the vicarage gates, and the vicar said, "You go up to the front door,

while I take the pony to the stable." All unsuspecting the deputation mounted the steps. Suddenly, without any warning, the door flew open, and he received

a violent box on the ear from the vicar's

wrathful wife. "I'll teach you," she shrieked, "to ask the deputation to stay the night!" What she did when her mistake was revealed history has not recorded.

Only a little less startling was the experience of a missionary deputation who had arrived late at night and unexpectedly, so that the son of the house gave up his room to this visitor and himself found sleeping quarters elsewhere. Early the next morning the guest was enjoying his comfortable bed and a few extra moments' rest before rising, when the door was suddenly flung open, a girl bounced into the room, crying, "Get up, you pig!" When the astonished man turned round to see who was the intruder, he only caught sight of a horrified face and



" ' Much too smart for a missionary, don't you think so, dear? "

flying figure. At breakfast the seat of the energetic young daughter of the house, who took upon her to rouse her lazy brother from slumber, was vacant.

Unbelievable Ignorance

One of the chief difficulties a missionary deputation has to meet is the almost unbelievable ignorance of his audience, though I confess that lately mission-study bands and excellent textbooks are helping to do away with this hindrance to a great extent.

"Are you much troubled with the Boers?" a missionary from tropical West Africa was asked during the time of the

Boer War. In many places we are still asked, "Do you really have to learn their language? Can they not understand English? Aren't you afraid of the Boxers?" Boxers are supposed to be perpetually rampant in the Far East. The sight of a quiet Chinese household at work on their various civilised occupations would considerably astonish these good people. The dangers we run from fear of "them savages" are always present in the minds of a certain class of hearers. I have never forgotten the gaudy necklace presented to my sister on her departure for the Punjab. "Oh, miss, this is for you. I've always



" 'Get up, you pig ! "

SOME HUMOURS OF MISSIONARY DEPUTATION

heard them blacks like something bright, and when they are coming for you, you wave this in front of you and say, ' Take this, but spare my life."

Occasionally the deputation is chilled by the absolute indifference of the one who takes the chair, and who "only does it to oblige because he knows it pleases." An earnest worker from South India had returned full of enthusiasm for her work, full of joy at the remembrance of souls won for Christ and redeemed. Thrilling with the story she had to tell, she sat and listened now," he said unctuously, " have the pleasure

of listening to Miss So-and-So, who will tell us of her endeavours to light the fires of civilisation upon the cold altars of the East."

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The missionary is well aware that the moment he steps again on to his native shore he stands beneath a fire of criticism. It begins with his relatives. "My dear, he is so shabby. He is simply a disgrace to the family.

Can't you get him to buy some decent clothes?" The facts of the case do not occur to them. The poor man has perhaps lived miles away from any white people, and in his eyes his garments have never lost their pristine smart appearance; while his relatives and friends trained to watch the thanges of cut and length and colour are shocked at his get-up. "At least," said my critical sister-in-law, when I arrived in London, after leaving my boat at Marseilles and travelling overland, " at least I am thankful you are carrying your sun topee, so that people will conclude you have only just arrived from abroad." Forthwith one is urgently pressed to cast aside one's ancient garments, and to be completely renovated by friends who know what you ought to wear. You are rather pleased with your appearance until you catch a sibilant

whisper that carries farther than it was intended to, as two ladies put their heads together over the drawing-room meeting cup of tea, "Much too smart for a missionary; don't you think so, dear? And all the societies complaining of lack of funds!"

But the severe old lady who believed that missionaries as a class were given to neglect their offspring, overstepped the mark when she went up to a childless missionary, and demanded, "Are you Mrs. So-and-So?" "Yes." "And is that your husband?" "Yes." "Then where are your children?" for the chairman's introduction. "We shall a The poor lady who was supposed to have left her uncared-for babes at home, was so

taken aback that she gasped out, "I don't know," and only realised what she had said when the reproachful old dame had departed.

Quite different is the story told by a chairman at one of my meetings in the North. He had heard of a poor old woman, whose heart was stirred within her to help, but whose means were very, very small. Returning to her little cottage, she looked round eagerly for something she could spare for the coming sale of work. Her eyes lighted on a treasured bag of

patchwork pieces, and with infinite pains she set to work and fashioned a wonderful bedquilt, such as had been greatly in vogue in her young days. Unfortunately the quilt did not sell, and the old woman's labour seemed in vain. Finally, it was shipped to Africa in a mission case. a worried and disappointed missionary was engaged in opening up and examining the contents when the cause of his trials paid him a visit. The visitor was a native chief, who had been obstinately refusing the missionary permission to purchase enough land to build a church on; but as he stood beside the case and watched the marvellous and gorgeous piece of patchwork being unfolded, his eyes gleamed covetously. "Give me that," he cried, "and you shall have all the land you need, and all the materials to build with too,"



" Give me that, and you shall have all the land you need.'



PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

V.-A DAM-BURST IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY

From the Narrative of Mr. R. R. Williams

As Told to WALTER WOOD

In March, 1910, a great dam burst in a disused colliery level at Clydach Vale, Rhondda Valley, South Wales. The dam was on the mountain-side, and when the collapse occurred the water, in a mighty, roaring torrent, swept down the valley, wrecking many buildings and causing a loss of half-a-dozen lives. The most noteworthy feature of the catastrophe was the saving of 900 boys and girls who were in the Clydach Vale Schools at the time. For his conduct on this occasion Mr. R. R. Williams, the head master, was awarded the Albert Medal and the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society, and other presentations were made to him. Mr. Williams was personally decorated by the King. Of his own "daring courage and presence of mind," as his conduct was described, he modestly but resolutely declines to speak.

IT is somewhat difficult to give a clear understanding of the Clydach Vale disaster to those who are not acquainted with the district; but I will briefly explain the nature of the accident before dealing with the subsequent events.

colliery level which had not been used for some years. When a colliery working is neglected it usually becomes full of water, and in this case a huge reservoir had formed; an immense mass of water had accumulated in a cavity which had been made by the There was, high up on the hill-side, an old extraction of coal, and the mass had been

A DAM-BURST IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY

enormously increased by exceptionally heavy falls of rain.

On the lower side of the reservoir there was a natural wall, and it was this wall which collapsed and allowed the water to sweep down the hillside.

It was calculated that at the time of the catastrophe there was a mile and a half of accumulated water in the dam.

The weight of the liquid was enormous. Expert mining engineers at the inquest stated that at the breaking point in the dam the pressure was 33 tons to the square foot, and the output of water was approximately 4,000 tons a minute. This mass alone was a terrible menace to anything that was in its path; it was an infinitely greater danger when there was mingled with it, as there was, thousands of tons of earth and stones and other debris.

This vast body of water, having burst its bounds, roared and rushed down the hill-side in what was practically a straight line, ruining sixteen houses in its swift and deadly journey, carrying one house and one shop bodily away, damaging a chapel, and wrecking the girls' department of the Clydach Vale Schools. Great boulders were swept away and carried on to the railway line, totally blocking all traffic.

Just as an avalanche wipes out all that lies in its track, so the enormous torrent from the dam made for itself a cutting and a path.

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Away down the hillside was a row of dwellings called Adam Street, One of these houses was the first to be shattered, and with its collapse there perished a mother-Mrs. Williams-and her infant child. This first tragedy was not exceeded in its pathos by anything that happened even in such a distressing visitation of death and destruction. Adam Street consisted of about twenty-six houses. These stood at right angles to the level of the dam, so that when the flood rushed down the hillside the garden walls were swept away, the doors were carried off like matchwood, and the structures were so badly damaged that the lower rooms were wrecked and denuded of their furniture.

The power and destructiveness of the roaring torrent can be realised when it is stated that the depth of the water which assailed the terrace was about ten feet. There was little chance indeed of any

ordinary building withstanding the assault of such a shock as that. Most fortunately, however, not all the houses were affected to the same extent as that which was tenanted by the mother and child who perished.

Warned in time by the water rushing under the gates of the gardens, some of the inhabitants fled to places of security, and so escaped with their lives. Mrs. Williams and her baby, however, were unable to seek refuge. The house was utterly demolished. When Mrs. Williams was discovered by Inspector Hole, who was in charge of the police, who gave such splendid help after the disaster, she was in a partly built house opposite her own dwelling, clinging to the door, and the body of her child was found only a foot or two away, making it clear that the poor woman had not released her hold of the infant until she was no longer able to protect it.

I have been referring to things that happened outside my own observation; but the disaster was so sudden and overwhelming that it is needful to give some idea of its preliminary havoc. What concerns me mostly is the state of things at Clydach Vale Schools.

The day's work was nearly done—and the work of the week also, for it was Friday. It was a quarter to four o'clock on the afternoon of that eleventh day of March when my attention was called to an immense volume of water coming down the hillside, straight towards the schools. At that time there were nearly a thousand boys, girls, and infants in the various departments.

The school buildings were in the direct track of the awful torrent, and it was clear that they were in great and imminent peril. Obviously the first thing to be done was to dismiss the children, and this task was accomplished without delay, largely owing to the fact that fire-drill had been taught. Instructions were given for the boys to be dismissed; then the girls and infants were warned that they were to leave the building. Intense excitement prevailed; but when all the circumstances of the event are borne in mind, the swiftness of the flood and the horror of its appearance as it roared and rushed towards the school, it is wonderful that the children were amenable to discipline at all, and that they were not overwhelmed by panic.

Almost before it was possible to realise what had taken place the approach to the front of the girls' and infants' departments had been completely cut off by an immense volume of water, so that the only route it was possible to take was through a doorway between the playgrounds of the two departments. This door was unlocked, and the children who were at the time playing in the yard were warned to make their escape to the boys' schoolyard.

It is cause for lasting pride that every instruction which was given was carried out with prompt obedience, and to this circumstance was due the gratifying fact that undoubtedly a great number of lives were saved which would otherwise have been lost.

When the alarm was raised, and the order given that the children who were playing in the yard were to seek the safety of the boys' schoolyard, an assistant and her class escaped, making a promising beginning of the general work of rescue.

So far so good.

The back doors of the girls' departments all opened inward, and consequently, as the flood would press heavily against them, they were a source of grave danger; they would have readily admitted the water to the interior of the building, and the most urgent need was to keep it out. Accordingly the front door was closed, and while the water was for the time being kept at bay, Miss Harries, the head mistress, instructed the girls to be dismissed at once. This order, like the rest, was quickly carried out.

Again, the efforts to secure the children's safety were successful; but there was still much to do before the complete p.otection of the small army of scholars was assured,

It was now essential to attend to the infants, and their department was reached; but to get at it one had to wade through a current up to one's armpits, so swiftly and in such vast volume had the waters rushed down the mountain side. Miss Williams, the mistress of this department, had ordered all the children to stand on the tops of the desks, and it was a pathetic sight to see the teachers wading through the water to humour and encourage the weeping babies. One of the infants, a girl, went down on her knees in the water, and clasping her little hands prayed, "O, God, save us,"

An important thing was obvious at this

stage of the event, and it was that there was no imminent danger to the infant' department so long as the walls of the git's school could withstand the force of water.

It was resolved that the girls should be taken to a slope near the back entrance to their school; but no sooner had this conclusion been reached than it was found that the water had vastly increased in volume, so much so, indeed, that it had burst in the front door and broken the lower parts of the windows.

Trunks of trees, which had been tom up by the roots and hurled down the hillside by the flood, added greatly to the dangers confronting those who were carrying out the work of rescue in the schools. These logs were thrown about in the most amazing manner by the swirling waters.

With terrific and almost incredible force the flood was rushing in and out of the department, carrying with it, like battering rams, the huge blocks of timber which had been wrenched away, as well as great quantities of wreckage from the houses in the track of the flood and debris from the region of the dam.

Words are scarcely adequate to picture the scene of desolation and destruction which had come into being in the space of a very few seconds. The flood had charged down and upon the school buildings like some savage, ruthless monster. The waters had crashed into the building itself, and almost instantly the school piano was afloat; and carried hither and thither by the furious whirling current were designed with iron frames, and chairs and other furniture. Only an extraordinary force of water could have thrown such articles as these about as they were thrown.

It was an appalling occurrence, and bands of men, colliers who were returning from work, numbering hundreds, looked on helplessly—with the exception of a few daring spirits—unable to give assistance.

Almost before it was possible to realise that anything had happened, the water was inside the school, and was literally a whirpool nearly five feet deep. The children, terror-stricken, but orderly, were in actual peril of their lives; they were face to face with death. But times of stress bring means of triumph, as a rule, and this coming of the flood was no exception.

The teaching staff rose to the occasion,

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"The children, terror-stricken but orderly, were in actual peril of their lives."

Drawn by E. S. Hodgson.

and without a moment's delay continued the work of preservation and salvation which had been begun as soon as the peril of the dam-burst was realised. Not a moment was to be lost—and not a moment was wasted.

Almost with the precision of an ordinary drill the children were directed to go to, or were carried into, places of safety; but before the last of them were rescued a great wall—it was more than 50 feet long, 10 feet high, and 2 feet 3 inches thick, making a ponderous mass of masonry—was swept away by the charge of the resistless flood.

This wall had formed a partial breakwater, and its collapse allowed the water and debris to sweep onward with such immense force that some of the rescuers were hurled out of the building and down a flight of steep steps. They were badly bruised, and narrowly escaped drowning; but they managed to pull themselves together and continue their work of rescue.

At the bottom of the steps, which had so suddenly become a well—a miniature mael-strom—struggling desperately in a depth of some six feet of turgid water there were about a score of little girls, screaming piteously in their terror; but all of them, most fortunately, were helped in safety to the infant schoolyard. Mr. Matthew S. Lewis rendered splendid and yeoman service here.

Meanwhile an assistant—Mrs. Colville—and her class were perilously caught in another corner of the yard. This corner was bound in by a wall 30 feet long, 6 feet high, and 2 feet thick, which met the full force of the onslaught. This wall, too, collapsed, and the flood became a raging torrent in which the children were whirled and tossed about in the most amazing manner. It was said afterwards of the playground that it was instantly converted into a swimming-bath six or seven feet deep, and that the children were floating about in it like corks in water.

I saw what was happening, and did what I am perfectly certain any other man in my place would have done—I dashed to the help of the struggling screaming little ones and did the only possible thing to save them; I seized them as quickly as I could and simply threw them into shallow water, knowing that instinctively they would find their own feet.

Mrs. Colville, a heroine of the finest type,

was being carried away by the force of the flood, and was sinking; but, fortunately, she was seized by one of the rescuers and helped into safety.

Two walls, as I have stated, had been swept away, and it is due to the wreckage of these structures that many lives were spared, because their fall enabled the flood to spread out. A third, and the greatest wall, had to vanish before the water was sufficiently dispersed to allow the hundreds of workmen and others to rush in and complete the work of rescue. This wall was no less than 219 feet long, 10 feet high, and 2 feet 3 inches thick-a very strong, stout structure; yet it was swept bodily away and destroyed as utterly as if it had been made of matchwood. I do not think that anything will give a more perfect understanding of the immense force of the flood than the swift demolition of these great masses of masonry, which happened to be in the direct line of the torrent.

As soon as it was possible to do so, mer rushed in and seized the little ones and carried them, sobbing and terrified and sodden, to their homes. Without delay, too, the medical men of the district came to the spot and attended to about a hundred children, some of whom had been brused and some immersed. The clothing in many cases had been torn to shreds.

Despite all the dangers of that memorable March afternoon the little army of boys and girls and children, with three sad exceptions, had been saved; but there were many distressing incidents to come to light, and many remarkable sights to see in Clydach Vale.

The afternoon had been made strange and terrible by this sudden dam-burst; but it was not for some time that the full extent of the calamity was realised.

As soon as I could do so I left the school premises and went and saw the havoc which the flood had caused, and I heard of the lives which had been lost and the wonderful escapes from shattered buildings.

The resistless torrent had torn and furrowed the steep hillside and streets like a colossal plough, and stout stone buildings had been wrecked as if an earthquake had shaken them to pieces. A shop which had been lately completed was a heap of ruins; the house in which Mrs. Williams and her baby had been living was totally destroyed,

A DAM-BURST IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY

and other structures were in a state of utter

At one place the flood roared down a bank between a chapel and a house, scooping out a bed in the middle of which the water fell like a cascade in a little river.

It was down this bank that a baby in a cradle was swept, and a man in a bath. He was a collier, and was taking his bath in a tub. The infant was carried a distance of about two hundred yards, and, I am thankful to say, was rescued from its frail lifeboat. The man in the bath was also saved. It may sound grotesque to talk of a person being in a tub and swept away like that; but at the time there was no occasion for being in the least amused. The tragedy was too terrible and complete to allow an element of comedy.

For four hours after the dam burst the torrent tore down the steep slopes, and for a long time after that there was a strong stream, like a swollen river. When night came reschers and searchers were at work with lanterns, and they formed a sad and solemn and weird scene as they flitted about in the debris.

It was known that five lives had been lost, and that a little girl was missing. Her name was Gertie Rees, and she was exactly five years old. She was born on the night of a memorable explosion in Clydach Vale, and now in the black darkness, with a snowstorm raging, search parties were out trying to find her.

All that anxious hearts and willing hands could do was done, but in such weather and at such a time it was impossible to make a thorough examination, and the searchers had to wait till morning before they could faish their distressing task. Then the body

of the little girl was found in a pool in the brook, about a hundred yards away from the schools. She had been playing in the schoolyard, and was carried off by the torrent. Her father was amongst the scarchers who went out into the bitter snow-swept night. It is a sad circumstance that the girl had only just begun her school career, her first attendance being on the Tuesday.

That was a pitiful case, but there was another which was equally sorrowful. There was a woman who, having escaped to a place of safety, was watching the rush of the waters. Suddenly, in the whirl of the flood, a little lifeless form was seen. The woman sympathetically whispered, "What a fine child! I wonder whose it is?" On going home she learned that the lost child was her own. Strangely enough the girl had asked to be allowed to remain at home from school for the afternoon, and leave was given to her to do so.

I do not wish to dwell too much on this disastrous happening in the Rhondda Valley, but I may add that just as the torrent made its mark on the mountainside and in the street, so the remembrance of the flood left an indelible impression on the minds of those who assisted in the work of rescue. Several of the men who shared in it have died as a direct result of exposure and injury. Quite recently a man who had been hurt in the calamity committed suicide, the doctor attributing his insanity to the effect of a serious wound to the head.

The story of the flood in Clydach Vale is sad; but the gloom of the event is brightened by the knowledge that because of thorough discipline so little life was lost,



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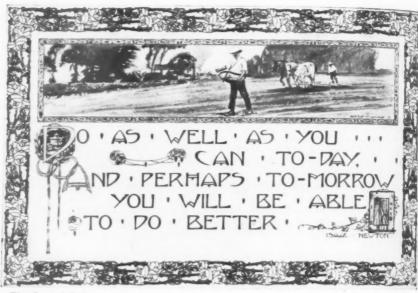
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The Second Prize.

Drawn by Mr. McGreate

A FLOOD OF MOTTOES

Result of the Motto Competition

By THE EDITOR

'HE little boy with twelve moral maiden aunts to advise him could not have passed through a more perplexing time than has the writer of these lines; anyhow, if the next few numbers of The Quiver do not show a marked improvement, it will beas in the case of the little boy aforesaid-" not for want of a little advice." As I write, the editorial office is decked out with bright colours as for a festival; mottoes cover my desk, words of warning, advice and counsel stare me in the face in whatever direction I look. "While there's life there's hope," says one text, rather grimly, I think; whilst another bids me "Think correctly-act accordingly," which is rather tantalising, under the circumstances. Verily it is a case of "think correctly" when one comes to judging a Motto Competition.

A Great Success

Let me say at the outset that the competition has been a great success. True, there

were not so many entries as for the Quotations Competition, but this could hardly have been expected in view of the nature of the task. Over 500 mottoes were received, but considering the amount of time that must have been put into many of these, it is quite safe to say that the entries represent some hundreds of hours' more work than that devoted to the quotations. Daysmonths-years of work: that is the impression one gets in looking through the entries. This fine piece of coloured decoration in the corner of a motto-why, the eye and the hand of the worker must have been tired out time after time before it was completed; this bit of wood-carving must have been tantalisingly slow; and the patience required on this gilded border is a lesson in itself; and so on.

Good Work Well Done

As far as prizes go, many who have laboured long and conscientiously can never

A FLOOD OF MOTTOES

have their fitting reward; it gives me a heartache to pass over some of the efforts or to put them down for merely a "book prize." But if their authors could be confronted with the whole mass of excellent work, they would realise how impossible it is for the poor adjudicators to make even twenty-six prizes adequately fit the case. No, the reward must come in the knowledge of good work well accomplished, and in the message of cheer passed on to some other soul.

The Judges

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Early in my task, I realised that the responsibility of locating the holder of the £20 prize was too great for any one man; tastes differ so widely, and one may be unconsciously biased here and there. I therefore sought the aid of Mr. William Irons, the able manager of the Art Department of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., to whom The Quiver owes so much for his kindly suggestion and criticism on matters of illustration, and Mr. A. Fish, the editor of "Royal Academy Pictures," etc. Whilst, of course,

I have not been able to shift on to their shoulders the responsibility of the awards, they certainly have helped me to "Think correctly—act accordingly," and I here render them due thanks.

I have spoken of the prodigious amount of work put into the mottoes; I must also acknowledge that the general standard is decidedly good. But, in equal candour, I must admit to some measure of disappointment on the score of the lack of originality displayed by far the greater proportion of competitors in the selection of the mottoes. The majority of the entries are well-known texts. I can in this matter only bow to the will of my readers, judging from this expression of their opinion that, in the choice of a motto to hang in one's room, they would rather have a text "familiar from childhood's days," a text hallowed by old association, made sacred by help given in some time of need.

The Obvious Question

Experts may differ, and different people have different tastes, but it must be said for



The First Prize.

Drawn by Mise H. Wright.

THE QUIVER

the adjudicators that we have tried not to take a narrow view of our task; through all we have kept in mind this condition of suitability and cheer: Would this motto, on which so much work has obviously been expended, be a source of cheer and encouragement on our walls? Does it help?

After a careful examination, the whole of the entries were divided into three classes; A, B and C. The "C" class makes a pile higher than my desk; from the "B" class,

after further consideration, the "highly commended" were chosen. But the "A" division, the smallest of the three, received the greatest amount of attention, for from these forty or fifty the prizes had to be chosen. Ranged round the walls of the room, each one had careful and individual consideration, and the heart-searching process of elimination and promotion went on. Among four or five, the heartsearching was most prolonged. At an early stage a bright, well - worked motto stood out:

"The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless:

Love is Eternal. God is still God, and

His Faith shall not fail us; Christ is Eternal." (See p. 889.)

The words are splendid, and the decoration superb, but, the judges had to admit, the colour was a little too superb and varied; the design and the lettering lacked unity and purpose, and it was to be feared that, placed on the wall of a room, it might tend to confuse and tire the eyes.

Another motto:

"My life is a brief, brief thing; I am here for a little space, And while I stay I should like, if I may, To brighten and better the place," erred in the other direction. The amount of work put into it is prodigious; the style is that of the early missals, but somehow the general effect is rather gloomy, and the lettering is a little difficult to read.

Still another:

"Look always on the bright side, and if there is no bright side, brush up one of the dark ones," was exceedingly fine, made particularly so by the exquisite portraits of little children painted to represent the initial "L." Unfor-

tunately, this very point formed a weakness in the motto. The group of children might be "C" just as well as "L" or might be overlooked. Then, too, the general effect somehow did not do justice to the individual work expended on the motto.

But one there was which stood out above the others. Absolutely simple in design and execution, yet it possessed all the elements that go to make a motto acceptable.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for HE careth for you,"

is perhaps not quite so original as I should have liked under the circumstances, but, on the other hand, it is a

text which has been a source of comfort and inspiration to millions. After all, what words, new or old, could be so helpful in times of stress as these familiar ones? Then, the design and execution made the moto such that it could be hung in any room without offending the eye, and—important, too—without tiring the eye. It grows on one: strong, simple, tasteful, one could gaze on it night and morning without becoming weary of it. The reproduction on the preceding page of course cannot do justice to the original, but it gives some idea of an excellent piece of work.



An Impressive Motto, Painted in Oils.

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An Ambition for Everyone.

First Frize

On this splendid motto fell the choice of the adjudicators, and it was found that the FIRST PRIZE was due to

> Miss Henrietta Wright, Grove Cottage, Parkstone, Dorset,

Miss Wright will, I know, have the congratulations of all our readers, including the competitors who have not been so successful as she.

It should be explained that the letters of the text are in black, with the exception of "Him" and "He." which are in gold, and the initial "C," which is also in gold,

beautifully ornamented with red, blue, etc. Red and blue, likewise, are the predominating colours of the border, though it is picked out with gold, and a light green sets off the other colours.

Second Prize

There was equal difficulty in determining the Second Prize, but the judges had to admit that one entry ran the First very closely indeed.

"Do as well as you can to-day, And perhaps to-morrow you will be able to do better."

A word of cheer and encouragement that should help anyone. The setting of the words leaves nothing to be desired. A chaste frame of rose leaves and flowers, in brown and yellow, surrounds the design, whilst at the top is a narrow painting, bringing out the work of the day on the land.

The SECOND PRIZE, therefore, goes to:

Mr. G. McGregor, Jun., 123 Southbrae Drive, Jordanhill, Glasgow.

Orders for £20 and £10 respectively, on Messrs, Boots, Cash Chemists, have accordingly been sent to Miss Wright and Mr. McGregor.

It was easy—too easy—to find sufficient good entries to carry off the next twelve prizes.

The claims of a beautiful and original motto in copper:

"Oh, fear not, in a world like this, And thou shalt know ere long, Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong,"

were not to be denied. The hammered copper, with the black enamelled letters and wood frame, make a decoration tasteful and strik-



A Striking Verse in Copper.

THE QUIVER

ing, and withal of a permanent character. Mrs. Bayley is to be congratulated on her excellent craftsmanship. The three I early mentioned (" The dawn," etc., by Mrs. E. M. Wilson; "My life," etc., by Miss Bendall;



"A Motto in Wood and Cork.

" Look always," etc., by Miss W. M. Cable) found their places here without any doubt. A beautiful oil painting of pink and red roses ("God helping, there is no need to fear," by Miss N. Cohen) followed very closely. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee," by Mr. Tom Curr, is a splendid piece of work, though, unfortunately, in the opinion of the judges, the subject chosen is a little inappropriate.

"For me to have made one soul The better for my birth; To have added but one flower To the garden of earth;

"To have sown in the souls of men One thought that will not die;

To have been a link in the chain of life, Shall be Immortality,"

is an inspiring little poem set out tastefully by Miss M. W. Tarrant. Of quite another order is "The Lord My Light"-wood letters on a dark wooden background, with a white lighthouse standing out on a realistic rock made of cork. This secures its place on the score of originality. Mr. Clamp's verse from Psalm cl. is well executed, the initial "P" being magnificent; whilst Mr. Sidney Farns-

worth's text from Nahum i. 7 is particularly commendable for the initial "T" in gold and blue, the gold standing out like embossed work.

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world,"

has a border illustrative of some of God's creatures, whilst

> "Two things stand Like rock and stone, Kindness in another's troubles. Courage in your own,

in aluminium, is splendid.

The twelve Teaetta Tea-makers have accordingly been sent to the following:

Mrs. Alice L. Bayley, Sparth Lane, Heaton Norris, Stockport. Miss C. J. Bendall, Glen View, Corder Road, Ipswich. Miss Winifred M. Cable, Milford Haven, East End Road, Church End, Finchley. Mr. R. Clamp, 4 Byne Road, Syden-ham, S.E.

Miss N. Cohen, 31 High Street, Guen-

Miss Elsie C. Couchman, 117 Patewell Park, East

Sheen, S.W.
Mr. Tom Curr, 76 Inverleith Row, Edinburgh.
Mr. Sidney Farnsworth, The Island, Little Waltham, near Chelmsford.

Mr. J. Porteous, 79 Caledonian Road, Saltcoats, N.B. Mr. E. W. Stevenson, 49 Ardgowan Street,

Miss M. W. Tarrant, The Elms, Gomshall, Surrey, Mrs. Edith M. Wilson, 22 Crossley Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The twelve Book Prizes have been well earned by the following:

Mr. S. Beall, 2 Guildford Road, Canterbury. Miss Georgina Browne, Southeliff, Torrs Park, Ilfracombe.
Mr. A. Chambers, Woodlands, 16 Magdalen

Terrace, St. Leonards-on-Sea.



A " Cheer-up " Motto. (Notice the miniatures.) 888

A FLOOD OF MOTTOES

Mr. T. Crossley, 19 Duchy Road, Pendleton, is particu-Manchester.
Miss A. E. Hind, Felsham Rectory, Bury St. ial "T" in

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Miss Hope Lucas, 42 Milton Road, Cambridge Miss Florence Pryor, Walpole House, Walpole

Terrace, Brighton.
Miss Emmeline M. Quick, 10 Montrell Road,

Streatham Hill.
Miss F. M. Rolls, Yatton, near Bristol, Somerset.
Miss Symes, Belhaven, London Road, Guildford.
Miss Muriel G. Tresidder, 52 Elmwood Road, Herne

Miss C. J. Wilkins, Westcroft, Trowbridge, Wilts.

Much more could be written about the prize-winners, but that would mean leaving no room for the great majority, who can but be summed up in a few words of general

commendation. Yet, as once again I turn over the mottoes on my table, or glance round the walls of my room, I cannot but wish to mention one after another of the fine specimens which are not so fortunate as to carry off chief awards.

Space will not allow of individual notice, but I must mention the number of scrolls that were sent in; in all cases they have been well worked, and it is to be regretted that they cannot get more than a commendation.

Turning in another direction, the new art of penpainting finds many followers, though in some

cases the lettering is not so clear and serviceable as could be wished.

The woodwork is not without its honours, and many examples of needlework were received. Texts done in the "sampler" style were not uncommon.

To conclude, here is the list of highly commended :

Miss Lucie Adams, Miss May Air, Miss C. L. Avill, Mr. P. H. Arrowsmith, C. Allen, Miss W. Arnold. Miss G. Birtwistle, Miss Mary Beattie, Miss Edith E. Bacon, Mr. J. Benyon, Mr. W. G. Bodiley, Mr. John Brown, Miss Hilda Ballard, Miss M. J. Burrows, Miss E. E. Birtwistle, Mr. H. H. Brownlow, Miss F. Buswell, Miss M. R. Bates, Miss Galdys Batten. H. Morgan Clement, Miss Cadie, Miss Minnie Coales, Mr. J. W. Clayton, Mr. P. V. E. Chambers, Mrs. Cocks, Miss A. Cass, Miss Crawford, Miss J. M. Cowberg, Miss H. Coleclough.
Miss L. R. Douglas, Miss Oriel Davies, Mr. H. A. Davies, Miss Lena Davis, Miss K. L. Dodd, Mr. B. Davies, Miss Lena Davis, Miss K. L. Dodd, Mr. B. Davies, Miss Marie Dowdall, Miss S. C. Dowdeswell, Miss G. M. Davies, Miss Elsie Davison. Miss Lucie Adams, Miss May Air, Miss C. L. Avill,

Miss L. Everett, Mr. W. J. Evans, Miss Estcourt, Miss K. S. Elsey, Mr. T. G. Ecles.
Mr. A. Fisher, Mr. F. Firr.
Miss H. S. Glegg, Miss M. Glanville, Miss H. J. B. Galbraith, Miss Edith M. Giles, C. G., Miss E. Guild, Miss L. Grant, Miss M. H. Gibbs, Miss F. Going, Miss Delia F. Graham.

Delta F. Graham.
Miss E. M. Howard, Mr. G. Horton, Miss A. L.
Harper, Miss M. Hinton, Miss Hutchison, Miss Ruth
Hayzelden, Miss Lilian Hall, Miss D. G. Hancock,
Miss Maude Holloway, Miss Alice Hebditch, Miss E.
Hayward, Miss H. M. Hodgett, Mrs. H. M. S. Hill,
Mrs. A. Haystead.

Miss A. Haystead.
Miss N. F. N. Ingram, Mrs. J. R. I'Anson.
Mrs. W. Johnson, Mr. William Jary, Miss Dorothy
Jones, Mr. R. P. Jones, Mr. R. A. Jones.
Miss H. Knight, Miss L. Kingston, Miss N. Kirkham.
Miss May Lewis, Miss Lovelock, Miss Ethel Lyne,
Miss Eugenie Lutz, Miss Ina C. Levie, Miss Margaret W. Litten, Mr. A. Little.



A Brightly-coloured Verse.

Miss Amy A. Moore, Miss Ethel Mawson, Mr. Norman Myers, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Rhoda Millard, Miss Maude.

Mrs. L. A. Newsome, Miss D. Newsome, Miss F. Nawdom.

Newham.
Mrs. C. E. Oldham, Miss E. Oswald.
Mrs. R. S. Purdie, Mr. Frank Porter, Miss L. B.
Penrose, Miss Agnes H. Parkin, M. Piggott, Mrs. F.
Pass, Mrs. Pollard, Miss E. Procter, Miss E. A. Pratt,
Miss Nellie Powell, Miss M. Perkins.

Miss Marie Quertier.
Miss Mary Robb, Miss Mary J. Russell, Miss E.
Rive, Miss M. Rive, Mrs. B. E. Robson, Miss E.

Rogers, Mrs. Ross.
Miss Sunner-Ward, Mr. William Scott, Miss
Thelma Smith, Miss Nora Stranaghan, Mr. F. H.
Steane, Mrs. H. Smith, Miss Snow, Miss S. J.
Sutton, Miss G. L. Shepperd, Mr. Robert W. Simp-

son.
Miss Tweedie, Mr. E. Taylor.
Miss Elsie F. Vinall.
Miss C. H. Weller, Miss Dorothy B. Walker, Miss.
Elsie Whitby, Mr. J. R. Williams, Miss Hilda M.
Wilson, Mrs. Eleanor Williams, Miss M. J. Wilkinson, Miss S. E. Wright, Miss Mabel Wright, Mrs.
M. B. Watney.
Miss Dorothy Vard

Miss Dorothy Yard

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING

A Word to those with Friends

By MONICA WHITLEY

THE woman who has acquired the art of writing interesting and pleasant letters has a powerful social asset, which will gain friends for her and increase her popularity. It is often said that the telegraph, the telephone, and the picture post card have killed the art of letter-writing; that modern life is so bustling and crowded, that women have no leisure to sit down and express their thoughts in writing. To a great extent this is true. We get a letter from a dear friend and find a disjointed account of her doings, with an abrupt ending, such as "Excuse this scrawl" or "In haste," We had looked for some intimate message from the heart of the writer to our own, some little sympathetic touch which would seem to bring us into her very presence, but what we get is quite as impersonal as a newspaper report.

The Perfect Correspondent

But still, almost everyone possesses one perfect correspondent. Have we had a stroke of good luck? Then we know we are certain to receive a charming note of congratulation which bears the stamp of unaffected gladness in our joy. Or has trouble visited us? Then equally sure are we to receive a message of heartfelt sympathy. If we ask her for information on certain subjects, we know that a speedy reply will come, telling us what we wish to know. When she goes abroad for her holiday, we confidently expect (and are not disappointed) a charming descriptive letter; not a mere recital of places seen and excursions made, but an account of the impressions these things made on the writer's mind, so that we seem to get a mental picture conveyed to us. Then there are sure to be special references to our own particular tastes. If we admire carving, she will describe minutely some specimens she saw; if our hobby is curio-collecting, there will be mention of anything rare or quaint which came under her notice.

But more valuable than all this is the way in which, by a few simple phrases, our friend manages to open her mind to us, and we feel, as it were, admitted into her inner mind. sharing her most cherished thoughts. Then, indeed, we feel that heart touches heart—in a far more real way than if we were conversing face to face. But these soul-glimpses, as we may call them, are rare and precious, and conveyed to us in such a way that we feel that to us, and to us only, could they have been made in that particular way.

Of course, there are many people who can write a bright, "newsy" letter, which it is very pleasant to receive, but somehow we get the impression that it is one of a type which is being sent at the same time to many other friends, and which could be read by anyone. Now, the ideal letter is one which could be written to us and to us only; in fact, we alone are capable of interpreting it. It brings with it the personality of the writer and envelops us with her atmosphere—so much so, that we feel that we must at once sit down and answer it, in her very presence, as it were.

We are apt to look upon the letter-writer's art as a gift of the gods; but if it is, it is one which may be earned by thought and practice. It is a fact that many bright, clever conversationalists are poor letter-writes, while other women, slow of speech and ill-at-ease in society, are admirable in that capacity, revealing themselves to their friends in a way in which they could never do by word of mouth.

The Revealing Letter

A man once fell in love with a girl through the letters she wrote to him. When they met, she was dull, shy, cold, distrait, and he found it difficult to believe that she and the lettewriter were one. But as time went on, her letters became more and more self-revealing, and she explained to him her intense shyess, which prevented her expressing herself in speech. Her faculty of letter-writing, which she had cultivated as an outlet for her pentup thoughts, had gained her a lover, whom otherwise she would have lost.

Some people condemn the egotistical letter. But, surely, a letter to have any individuality must be egotistical. We do

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING

not wish it to be merely a sort of family newspaper, recounting the doings of each member; we want it to be a reflection of the writer's mind. Therefore the "I" must be prominent, though at the same time there will be the undercurrent of tender sympathy with the person written to.

There are provoking letter-writers, who always omit to answer our questions and never refer to the contents of our previous letter to them, thus creating in our mind a doubt as to whether it has been received or not. Equally annoying are those who give provoking little incomplete snippets of news, quite incomprehensible to us, adding the remark, "But I suppose you will have heard all about this," when we have done nothing of the kind!

To those who would Try

What advice can be given to one who aspires to be a good letter-writer and is willing to take the necessary pains?

In the first place, she should try to imagine that she is sitting face to face with the person to whom she is writing—she should try to get into her atmosphere. Let her think of that person, look at her photograph or call up a mental image. Then let her recall some occasion on which they met, the words that were spoken and the things that were done, and the atmosphere will soon come.

Now she can take her pen in hand and begin to talk with it, for that is what letter-writing means. When the thoughts come, they should be put down simply and naturally with no attempt at fine language. Some people may find it a good plan to jot down beforehand the subjects to be touched upon. The letter both looks and reads better if it is broken up into little paragraphs. We all know the letter which runs on from one subject to another without a break, causing us much bewilderment.

If a letter is being answered, it is a good plan to touch upon all the points in it first, before proceeding to write your own concerns. The person to whom we are writing should never be forgotten. From time to time we should get back into her presence, so to speak, and thus keep ourselves in tune with her. Let the heart but speak, and all will be well.

Of course, what has been said refers to a letter of friendship—one which it is a

pleasure to write. There are others of a less welcome nature which have to be written. Perhaps it is a letter of condolence to one who is suffering bereavement, and this is always difficult to write. But it is a task which should be done as soon as we hear of the occasion for it.

Again we should try to put ourselves into the atmosphere of the person with whom we wish to condole, and to imagine her feelings. We should avoid all stereotyped phrases, which, however well meant, are sure to jar on the recipient, because of their familiarity and monotony. Instead, the language should be simple and natural, and, if possible, reference should be made to any kindness we have received from the one who is gone, or to some attractive traits which he or she possessed. But no rules can be given for such a letter—each must write as the heart dictates.

Letters of congratulation are much easier to write, and we should always be on the look out for occasions for them. They are much appreciated, and the writer gains a place in the regard of the recipient. A wedding, the birth of a child, an engagement, promotion in business or profession, a scholastic success, restoration to health—all these are times when we can "rejoice with those that do rejoice."

"When is the best time to answer a letter?" may be asked. A business letter, or letters of thanks for an invitation, a present, or a kindness received, should be answered at once. Neglect to do so often causes inconvenience and annoyance to the others, and subsequent loss to ourselves. A friend's letter, too, is often answered better as soon as we have received it, when our thoughts have been stirred and are eager for expression. At any rate, we may set them down at once before they are lost, even though it may not be convenient to complete the letter until later. If we correspond regularly with a close friend, it is a good plan to write a sort of diary letter, jotting down our thoughts each day as they

Stay-at-home women or invalids often bewail their lack of opportunity for helping other women outside their own immediate circle. Let them cultivate the art of letterwriting, and their influence may extend to the ends of the earth.

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Some Beautiful College Gateways.

Photos by E. W. duckson.



SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR JULY

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

TULY is rather a bewildering month for the energetic housewife, particularly if she is one of those fortunate individuals who possess a well-stocked kitchen garden. Fruit, vegetables, and herbs cry out that they are in their prime and spoiling for use; and even those of us who are town-dwellers, and dependent on shops and markets for our supplies, feel that in no other month are there such golden opportunities for replenishing our store of jams and pickles offered to us.

A walk round the garden or a survey of the greengrocer's windows reveals the fact that currants—black, red, and white—raspberries, late rhubarb, gooseberries, cherries, etc., are there in plenty, whilst a not unusual summer gale will strew the paths with "windfalls," both pears and apples, which by reason of their fresh tart flavour make delicious jelly or pulp to cke out more expensive fruit,

It is a little distracting that all these good gifts are showered upon us at the same time, but such is the law of Nature, and we must accept and make the most of them, preserving as many as possible for winter use, when fresh fruit and vegetables are both scarce and expensive.

Jams and conserves are the first articles which suggest themselves, but these, though useful and palatable, do not complete the sum total of our needs. Bottled fruits will be needed for tarts and puddings, fruits in syrup to eat as an accompaniment to blanchanges and other farinaceous foods, while home-made pickles provide a wholesome

relish to stimulate the appetite in the dreary winter days.

Any cookery book will tell you how to make ordinary jams, and I propose to limit my observations in this direction of the culinary art to a few labour-saving suggestions on the making of jellies and the more solid concoction known as fruit "cheese," and to give one or two tried recipes which may be unknown and welcome to my readers.

Many grown-up persons object to seeds, stones and skin in preserves, and every mother realises that jelly or "cheese" is not only more digestible, but also safer for the little ones. The fruit does not, of course, yield the same amount of preserve as when made into jam, but some of the more expensive fruits can be eked out with the addition of juice extracted from the cheaper varieties, the quality of the jelly or "cheese" being improved, rather than deteriorated, in the process.

For instance, gooseberries and rhubarb together make a delicious jelly, the correct proportions being three pounds of the former to one of the latter. Black currants, which never seem plentiful enough to satisfy the demand, may be mixed with equal quantities of gooseberries; and another excellent result is obtained by using two pints of black currant juice with one pint of raspberry juice.

Black currant juice is so strong that it may be quite well eked out with water (one pint of water being added to every four pints of juice), and this will in no way imperil the "set" of the jelly. When extracting the juice from rhubarb, wash the stalks, but do not peel them. Cut into one-inch lengths, with the skin on, for much of the flavour and rich colour are contained in the skin,

An Easy Way of Making Jelly

Put the fruit into large stone jars and stand them in the oven for several hours. If this is done early in the evening the contents of the jars can be put into the jelly bag at bed-time, and left to drip all night, the result being beautifully clear juice, which only needs cooking with the sugar to produce jelly.

When making jams or jellies of every description, a good deal of time can be saved by heating the sugar before it is added to the boiling fruit or juice. Cold sugar throws the contents of the preserving pan off the boil, and it takes a considerable time to reach this temperature again. The sugar can be spread on large flat dishes and stood either on the plate rack or in a cool oven, so that it gets thoroughly hot, but it must not, of course, burn.

When straining fruit juice the bag must on no account be squeezed, for this will instantly spoil the clearness, and render the jelly cloudy and unappetising in appearance.

The best "bag" to use is a square of strong, well-washed linen with four loops sewn to the corners. Place the square over the receptacle in which the juice is to drip, and pour the boiling fruit into it. Gather the corners together, thread the loops on to a strong stick, place two kitchen chairs back to back with the basin in between, and the ends of the stick resting on the top rails of the chairs.

The correct proportion of sugar is one pound to each pint of juice. The extracted juice is measured, put into the preserving pan, and brought to the boil. When it has boiled rapidly for twenty minutes, add the hot sugar, and after three more minutes' boiling the jelly should be ready for pouring into pots. Weather has a distinct effect on jelly. It "sets" much better on a bright, clear day than on a damp, dismal one. This is not an "old wives' tale," but is a fact, that has been personally proved by the writer.

Fruit "Cheeses"

Damsons were considered by our grandmothers the fruit par excellence for making this preserve, but cherries, currants, goose-berries, and plums all produce delicious "cheese"—indeed, any full-flavoured fruit can be treated in this way. The only drawback to making cheese is that a great deal of fruit is required, but one must remember that "cheese" goes much farther than ordinary jam, or even jelly, for it is a very highly concentrated and solid form of preserved fruit, and no one would think of consuming it in such quantities as they would the more juicy jam. Given, however, a garden stocked with laden fruit trees, some proportion, at any rate, should be reserved for "cheese."

Cherry "Cheese"

Black Kentish or Morello cherries are best, Bruise the fruit (which should be fully ripe), and put it into a preserving pan. Boil for twenty to thirty minutes, until it is sufficiently tender to press through a sieve. Weigh the pulp, then boil it quickly until it becomes a dry paste. Take the pan off the fire and stir in six ounces of sugar for every pound of the pulp. When the sugar is dissolved, put the pan back on the stove, but not over the fire. The paste must be stirred without ceasing, for it is very liable to burn.

As soon as it is so dry as not to adher to the fingers when touched, it can be taken out of the pan and pressed into small pots.

Black currant juice is so useful for threat and chest affections, that no store cupboard is complete without some jars of jelly or cheese made from this fruit.

Put the currants into jars and stand them in a cool oven until tender, then press through a fine sieve. Boil the pulp for ten minutes, then stir in finely powdered sugar in the proportion of eight ounces to a pound of pulp. Return to the fire and boil for a few minutes, stirring continuously.

To Preserve Fruits in Syrup

The chief points to be observed in bottling sweetened fruits are as follows:

1. Be sure that your jars are air-tight. "Sealers," or screw-topped bottles, are now obtainable at all stores. There are several different makes, the cheapest (holding one pint) being 4s. 3d. per dozen. The larger ones are less expensive in proportion, those holding two and three pints costing 5s. and 7s. per dozen respectively. A complete apparatus for sterdising and preserving fruits,

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

vegetables, meats, game, etc., fitted with a tray and thermometer, can be had for 14s., and a keen housewife who is fond of still-room occupations would do well to invest in one of these outfits.

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2. The fruit must be sound, and in the same condition as if it were being used for tarts—i.e. gooseberries (topped and tailed) would be bottled green; plums and other fruits, ripe.

3. Each jar must be thoroughly scalded before the fruit is put into it.

4. The jars must be filled with syrup to overflowing before they are finally closed.

5. The fruit must be sorted and graded according to size. By this I mean that all the large fruit should be put into one bottle, the medium-sized into another, and the small into a third. It is a mistake to mix up various sizes in one bottle,

Pack the fruit into the scalded bottles. Make sufficient syrup to fill them, and pour this, boiling, over the fruit, filling the bottles to the utmost limit. The syrup is made of clean loaf sugar and boiling water. Allow one pound of sugar to every half-pint of water and boil until the syrup is clear and thick. Stand the bottles in a fish-kettle (this should be done before the syrup is poured in) nearly full of cold water. Place the kettle on the stove, and let the water come very slowly to the boil, then simmer for half an hour. A little syrup should be in readiness in case more is needed before the bottles are screwed down or sealed.

Small fruits, such as raspberries or strawberries, would probably not require simmering more than ten to fifteen minutes.

Fruits preserved in this way are ready for table use without the addition of sugar.

The German Hausfran makes a delicious sweet pickle by adding white wine vinegar, peppercorns, and bay-leaves to the syrup, and preserving French beans, peas, gherkins, plums, and pears in the liquor. Those of my readers who have sojourned in the Vaterland will remember the piquant flavour such comestibles give to the meats and game dishes with which they are caten.

Some Uses for Tomatoes

Tomatoes are very easy to grow, and a

good crop is exceedingly useful to the housewife. The finest specimens provide breakfast and supper savouries, smaller ones are for salads, and less shapely fruits are invaluable for soups, stews, and all manner of "made" dishes.

A too prolific supply can be converted into ketchup or pickle.

Pickled Tomatoes

Select small, round, ripe fruit, let them lie in salt and water brine for four days, then place them in jars, with alternate rows of small onions. Boil the necessary quantity of malt vinegar with any approved spices, let the liquor become cold, then pour it into the jars. Cover and stand in a cool place. A month should elapse before the pickles are sent to table.

Tomato Ketchup

Take a peck of ripe tomatoes, and pass them through a sieve, when they should yield a gallon of pulp. To this, add six level table-spoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of peppercorns, one of cloves, two of cinnamon, two of allspice and 1½ pints of white wine vinegar. Pour into an enamel-lined saucepan and boil until the liquor is reduced to half the original quantity. Put into bottles and seal.

Very often a number of tomatoes remain on the plants late in the year, when the sun is not sufficiently powerful to ripen the fruit naturally. Try my plan of supplying the family with fresh tomatoes during the winter:

Procure a quantity of cork-dust (the grocer will let you have this at a very small cost), and dry it thoroughly on the platerack or in the oven. Scour out some large (14-lb.) biscuit tins, dry them, too, and wipe the tomatoes on a clean dry cloth. Put a layer of cork-dust at the bottom of the tin, then a layer of tomatoes, and continue, in alternate rows, until the box is full. Put the lid on, and stand the tin in a warm, even-temperatured place. The fruit will ripen slowly, but can be hurried by taking it out of the cork-dust and placing it in a warmer spot for a few days. To remove the peel, throw the fruit into boiling water, dry, and peel with a silver knife.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages, but a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Address—Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sanvage, London, E.C.

THE BENT OF HIS MIND

An Article for Parents and Others

By the Rev. JAMES W. COTTON

(Illustrated by the Writer's Own Photographs)

THOUSANDS of parents are occupied to-day with the perplexing question: "What shall we make of our boys?"

The pressure of this question has called forth a number of books and articles deal-

ing with the respective merits of a variety of callings.

No sensible person will speak slightingly of such publications, for without their aid many a parent would be entirely at sea as regards the means of entrance, the conditions of labour, and the advantages to be reaped, in the various trades and professions which are open to the boys of the present day.

It is the purpose of this article, however, to insist that the all-important factor to be considered in the choice of a boy's calling is the bent of his mind, and that no matter what attractions any sphere of employ-

ment may be supposed to offer, it is disastrous to force a boy into it when it is not in the line of his inclinations and aptitudes.

Through being forced into uncongenial occupation many a boy's self-expression has been repressed, his endowments dissipated, and his life largely spoiled.

So painfully has the writer been struck with this in cases which have come under his personal observation, that he would rather one of his boys became a happy chimney-sweep than a fretful and discontented lawyer or doctor.

He recalls, for instance, the case of a fine young fellow who, at the close of an address upon George Stephenson, came and related how the story of this mechanical genius had set his soul on fire, inasmuch as he him-

self had always desired a mechanical career, though to his regret and disappointment he was compelled to assist his father in the butchering business.

Upon another occasion the writer was induced to use his influence with a view to preventing a youth of his acquaintance abandoning electrical engineering, which he found utterly distasteful, and thus sacrificing the premium which had been paid by his guardians. Though the youth received the advice in the same kindly spirit in which it was given, he resolved to ignore it. Break-

ing away from an apparently tempting career, he emigrated to Canada and became a land worker. His action has since fully justified itself, inasmuch as it has promoted his happiness and prosperity, and developed in him a fine type of manhood.

Assuming then that a father recognises the importance of allowing his boy to adopt an occupation which is in harmony with his nature and provides scope for the exercise of his special powers and capabilities, the earlier he commences to take note of the boy's propensities the better.



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"The boy who is naturally studious."

Even in a little child there are often to be observed tendencies which are prophetic of the future. In some cases, for example, there are particular defects and short-tomings which point to the child's unfitness for a certain career.

When Frederick Denison Maurice, who created so great a stir half a century ago by his theological writings, was a little child, his mother was sitting in her room at Normanston near Lowestoft in conversation with a lady visitor. During the conversation Freddy, who was then five years old, came to the door of the room. He had a treasure in each hand. In one hand he held a flower he had plucked in the garden, and in the other a biscuit which had been given him as he passed through the kitchen. The lady remarked to the child's mother that children would always give up what they least cared for, and declared that she would test Freddy. By this time the child was standing in front of her, and looking into his eyes she said, " Freddy, which will you give me, the flower or the biscuit?" Without a moment's hesitation, however, he held out both hands to her and said, "Choose whichever you like."

It has been rightly suggested that this incident revealed a defect that clung to Maurice throughout his career. When he had become a powerful and influential Churchman, and there were valuable gifts for the disposal of which he was responsible, he had no idea of the manner in which they should be bestowed. As in his childhood, so

in his later life, he held out full hands to his friends and told them to choose wherever they liked.

But if the deficiencies and shortcomings of a nature begin early to reveal themselves, with equal certainty do the positive tendencies become manifest.

The future mechanic will be found dissecting his toys to discover how they are made, the future soldier donning a helmet and brandishing a wooden sword, and the future merchant bartering his goods for those of his playfellows.

The biographies of men who have attained to greatness in various spheres of thought and action show that in a considerable proportion of cases the child was father to the man, manifesting even in his tender years a leaning to that particular sphere in which he was destined to prove his greatness.

Canova, who was destined to become the great Venetian sculptor, fashioned fragments of marble into ornaments before he was ten, and at twelve modelled out of butter a lion that excited the wonder and admiration of all who beheld it,

Wilberforce, when fourteen, sent a letter to a York newspaper in condemnation of "the odious traffic in human flesh."



The Instinct for Animals.

THE QUIVER

A wise father will take note of early indications of the bent of his boy's mind, and will take steps to encourage and strengthen it.

Thomas Edward's father—poor, stupid fellow—tried to thrash natural history out of him, and one trembles to think that if Tam's genius had been of the sensitive type he might have succeeded.

When I plead that a boy's natural bent should receive encouragement I mean not merely words of praise, but encouragement of a practical kind.

The boy who is naturally studious should not lack for books, even if his father has to forgo his tobacco money to procure them.

The boy who manifests an interest in the mechanism of the timepiece should be given an old clock or watch to dissect.

The boy who evinces a love for carpenter's tools should be made happy on his birthday by receiving a few as a present.

If a boy happens to have scientific tastes he should, if possible, be afforded the opportunity of looking in the microscope or telescope. A sight of Jupiter or Saturn through a good telescope will often do more to stimulate an interest in astronomy than years of dry reading.



"He should be made happy with a present of carpentry tools."



"He should be afforded the opportunity of looking through a telescope."

When once a boy's bent of mind has become clearly evident the whole course of his education should be arranged with a view to its development. Cast-iron methods of education which aim at turning all boys out after the same pattern have had their day. The time has come when they must give place to more elastic methods which will seek to develop the individuality of the student and enable him to make the most of his peculiar endowments.

The writer is convinced that greater attention to this matter would do much to prevent the moral delinquency that is characteristic of many of our youths, and still more to counteract that absorbing passion for sport which is increasingly becoming the bane of our land.

When young people are fretting beneath the yoke of uncongenial employment it is not surprising if they seek compensation in devotion to sport. The remedy is to be found in allowing and encouraging them to follow callings which, being in harmony with their natural bent, are capable of affording them the pleasure and fascination which at present they have to seek elsewhere.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

NURSING

GET so many letters about this calling that I feel sure that now, as ever, this is work that makes special appeal to the femininity innate in woman. Nursing calls for a healthy mind in a healthy body; for the power to endure disagreeable sights, sounds and smells; for the physical strength to stand steady, continuous labour, and no one, unless they have tried it, has any idea of the immense strain this is-at any rate to begin with. Over and over again have I been told of girls who, full of enthusiasm, have broken down utterly during the first month of what is veritable "hard labour." This is a statement too which has been proved to me to the full amongst my own acquaintance. Therefore, cherish no illusions. If you think that you can stand the strain, and that you will like the life, there is no more interesting calling, making demands alike on body and brain, and which has for its root and essence the fact that must lighten all labour, that it is of aid to our fellow creatures, and that if done from the highest motives it is work which cannot fail to bring its blessing to both the worker and to those for whom she toils.

Conditions of Training

The age limits are twenty-three to thirty or thirty-five years. In children's hospitals probationers are received at twenty years. The training lasts for three years, and some of the large hospitals provide a preliminary course, which is carried on in a separate Home.

It is necessary to make application to the hospital that the would-be nurse fancies. Probably she will have to apply to a great many, as the supply of probationers usually considerably exceeds the demand. She will

then receive a form containing numerous questions which have to be answered. At the foot of most application forms is a request to be admitted as a probationer on trial and an agreement to conform with all the rules and regulations, which the applicant has to sign. Certificates of birth, of marriage (if a widow), and from a doctor as to health and absence of any organic disease, and frequently from a dentist, have to accompany the application form on its return to the matron. Most hospitals require the candidates to undergo a medical examination at the hands of one of their medical staff.

The candidate then has an interview with the matron, and if she is accepted she usually has to enter the hospital on trial for a period varying, as a rule, from one to three months.

If at the end of that period she has satisfied the authorities, she has to sign an agreement to serve the hospital as a probationer for the full term of training (usually three years), and, save under exceptional conditions, she cannot resign during that period, though she may be dismissed for miscon-

The work is both theoretical and practical. The latter is carried on in the wards and in the out-patients' departments, under the direction of the staff nurse or sister. It is now common to enable certain of the nurses at large hospitals to prepare for the examinations of the Central Midwives Board, and for those of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses. Dispensing is also included at some hospitals.

The theoretical work includes lectures on Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, Hygiene and Sanitation, and on the Theory

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of Nursing. It is becoming usual—and it seems a sensible innovation—to include a course of sick-room cookery in the curriculum.

At the end of the course an examination is held by an outside examiner. On the completion of the term of training most training schools give their probationers a certificate, and in order to have obtained this they must satisfy the lady superintendent as well as the examiners.

"At the London Hospital a certificate of general training is given at the end of two years, and a full certificate of training at the end of four years. . . . It is a great advantage to a nurse to have had four years' work under the direct supervision of her training school."

Salaries

This is an important point in all cases, and especially so in nursing, in which the period of earning is distinctly short. Probationers' salaries range from £8 to £15 with uniform, In some hospitals the probationer pays for her training, the amount being probably anything from £25 to £50. Nurses receive from £15 to £25 with uniform; staff sisters, from £18 to £30 and uniform; sisters, from £25 to £50; matrons, from £40 to £200 with board.

From that most helpful volume, which should be in the hands of all would-be nurses, "How to become a Nurse," by Sir Henry Burdett, published at 2s. by the Scientific Press, I take the following "account of the arrangements at one large general hospital," as this may be said to be typical of the majority. A bare recital of an ordinary working day in a probationer's life tells more than any amount of description of the duties:

"Probationers are called at half-past six o'clock in the morning; at a quarter-past seven breakfast is served in the dining-hall; at a quarter to eight prayers are said in the chapel; and at eight o'clock they come on duty in the wards.

"During the morning they wash up breakfast things, clean lamps, inkstands, spatulas, etc., thoroughly dust the ward scrub lockers and doctors' tables, wash window sills, prepare mugs, etc., for luncheon, and serve the patients, clear and wash up luncheon things, help the nurse with the patients when and as required, and assist with the patients' dinner.

"At half-past eleven or at a quarter-past twelve o'clock, as arranged by the sister, probationers go to dinner, returning to their wards in three-quarters of an hour. At two o'clock probationers go off duty on alternate days, and those who go off duty must be back in time for tea at half-past four, returning to their wards at five o'clock.

"In the afternoon the probationers on duty clear away the dinner things, wash knives forks, and any basins or mugs which have been used; they make beds, sweep and dust the wards, and assist with the patients' tea.

"At five or half-past five o'clock probationers take tea in the dining-hall, and half an hour later they return to their wards. During the evening they make beds, take round supper, help the nurse when and as required, and under the nurse's direction wash the supper things, clean glasses, tubes, etc., tidy hearths, make up fires for the night, and see that the ward, bathroom, lavatory, etc., are left quite tidy for the night. In addition to other daily duties, probationers have twice a week, or oftener, if directed by the sister, to clean and wash the patients' heads and feet. On Mondays and Wednesdays they put out the linen for the laundry under the supervision of the sister, and on one day of the week the insides of the lockers and all rods and brackets must be washed and cleaned.

"Probationers have supper at nine o'clock, at half-past nine they go to prayers, and after prayers they retire to their rooms. At a quarter to eleven, when the gas is put out, they must be in bed."

HOME WORKERS' GUILD

The List of New Members will be found on page 908.

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When Numbers Fail

THE article on another page, "What is Wrong with Independency?" will be read with interest, maybe with painful interest. Of course, it is not only with the Baptists and Congregationalists that falling numbers have to be recorded; the same thing, in one form or another, is felt by all the Churches. I cannot forget an evening service at Brighton last year, when the few women and fewer men inside the church contrasted painfully with the crowds outside. That was the Church of England, but might equally well have been any other Church.

I do not propose devoting my space this month to a discussion of why people do not go to church. For one thing, the matter has been discussed by all sorts and conditions of people for years. Actually, my contributors have ceased to offer me articles on the subject. Those inside the Church recognise well enough that we are living in a time of uncertainty and reconstruction. Times have changed, opinions that were once held sacred are challenged and abandoned. Religion has ceased to be a matter of mathematical certainty, and we can no longer demonstrate the items of our creed like the problems of Euclid.



The Man who was Certain

DRIVING in the country the other day we alighted at a little town not far from London, to have tea. The town itself shows signs of change, old-fashioned though it is. Queen Elizabeth used to stay at a mansion a few doors down the street, but now the electric tramcars run past it. Watching the life outside the shop we were amused presently to see a quaint figure walking up and down. He was dressed in a series of coats and overcoats, carried several packages, and led a couple of dogs on strings. The man, unfortunately for us, happened to know my friend, and brought himself, his dogs and his paraphernalia into the room. My friend asked him the cause of the yellow spots on the back of his dog. "That's the yellow

peril," exclaimed the man earnestly. you know that there's going to be war between France and Germany this year, and we've got to support France?" He launched forth into a dissertation on European politics. What was most striking was the absolute certainty with which he gave every opinion. The matter in question could admit of no manner of doubt. It was so, and, as surely as he stood there, in a few weeks France, etc., etc. In short, the man was mad.

A Symptom of Insanity

OMING home, we could not help talking about the poor fellow, whom I found my friend had known at a saner period, years ago. "You always notice that with mad people," he said, "they are always so absolutely certain about things. It's no use arguing with them. It doesn't do a bit of good. All you can do is to humour them. Poor fellow!" Then my friend, who holds very strong opinions on many subjects, gave me his views on several questions of Church and State. I did not argue with him. I never do.

As a matter of fact, my thoughts were travelling elsewhere. Strange to say, his observation on the certainty of lunacy had been a word of comfort to my soul. I confess that I am uncertain on many matters, par-ticularly on things religious. It is true that when, at twelve, I was converted, I saw matters very clearly, and also that at sixteen I held very pronounced and orthodox views on religion, and had no doubts to speak of. Since then life has seemed to get more and more complex; where formerly I saw things either black or white, now a mixture of grey seems to predominate in a distressing fashion. I have often wondered if the faith of boyhood's days was not the better,



Growth, Life and Uncertainty

BUT now comes my friend's word to cheer and console me. Dogmatic certainty is not necessarily a proof of wisdom; indeed, sometimes, at all events, it is a symptom of insanity. I hug the thought to my breast: maybe these uncertainties of mine, this distressing habit of seeing two sides of a question, this liability to qualify and find exceptions, may be only signs that I am passing out of the mere dogmatism of youth. "What is the chief contribution of youth?" asks the Rev. W. L. Watkinson in one of his memorable passages. "Youth thinks its chief contribution is knowledge. It is not. It is hope,"

Towards the Goal

AMID much that is disturbing in the religious outlook, are we not entitled to find a grain of hope in the thought that, after all, this uncertainty and searching of heart is a sign of life, of growth? People are thinking about religion, there can be no doubt of that. We talk about the frivolities of the age, but under the craze for amusement and change, there is deep questioning and keen striving. We complain that people do not go to church as a matter of course. Well, speaking in the rough, people in the seventeenth century went to church because they had to, in the eighteenth because they thought they ought, in the nineteenth because they were always used to going, and in the twentieth——? Well, nowadays a man doesn't go to church without knowing why.

The people who think that religion consists of church-attendance and almsgiving are dying out. This, in a way, is deplorable from the parson's point of view. If your congregation come because they must, and give because it is a duty, it does not require much intellect to entertain them, nor much spirituality to sustain them. But if people are coming to church because they feel they must have that spiritual food which only religion can supply, and if they otherwise stay at home, it puts a tremendous task on the ministry. The Church of Christ is waking up to the state of affairs that exists. I believe there is going to be a thorough revival of religion, and that we shall live to see it. But there will be some great changes and many searchings of heart first. Let us not be too hard on the people who have thought twice before putting on their best hats on Sunday morning. Let us not, like the clergyman in the empty Brighton church I mentioned, lecture the people who attend on the sin of staying away. The roses are in full bloom now, but there would not have been so many nor such fine blooms if there had not been a considerable amount of pruning in the spring.

For the Plain Person

MEANWHILE, what is the duty of a plain person in an age of uncertainty? How fortunate it is, after all, that religion is not a matter of mere beliefs! The only Biblical definition mentions some practical kind of doing. Whilst the Athanasian creed perplexes us we can still love our neighbour. Indeed, when one thinks it out, religion has to do with all sorts of everyday doings, I sometimes think that in the Last Day it will go hardly with the man who has regularly attended church, and has neglected to insure his life. Is this incongruous? Yet if that man dies without leaving his widow and children provided for, has his religion not proved itself a vain thing? Might not the same be said about the man who lives up to the limit of his income, and does not put by for a rainy day? Surely, one can be more emphatic still on the question of the morality of "pay what thou owe t." I hold it as an article of faith that when the next great revival of religion comes, all the dressmakers' bills will be paid up to date. Oh, what a heaven upon earth it will be! These are all little things, to be sure, but I cannot do better than sum up in the words of one of the mottoes sent in for our competition: "The finest life lies oft in doing finely a multitude of unromantic things,"

The Holidays

NEXT month's issue will be my Holiday Story Number. I know this will be a little incongruous for our Australian readers, But, after all, most of us are thinking about holidays. Oh, the plans that are being thrashed out these few weeks! How many Swiss and Norwegian tours that will never get farther than Margate or Scar-borough! By the way, I know something of the difficulty of planning a holiday, and I want to suggest to those who need a little advice on the subject that they communicate with the Travel Editor of THE QUIVER. I was having a chat with him the other day, and he gave me delightful visions of inexpensive holidays in the heart of the most charming districts. The Travel Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, E.C. will be pleased to plan an economical holiday in any part of Great Britain, or a tour in any part of the Continent, All particulars will be given of the cost of railway or steamboat tickets, hotel

or boarding-house charges, etc. There is no charge for regular readers,

The Editor



How, When and Where Corner, July, 1913

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MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

Two days ago (from the bright May day when this letter was written) I was at a missionary meeting, which was very specially interesting to me. This was because the audience consisted mostly of boys and girls. The gathering was in a large London church, and there must have been about 3,000 children packed into it. We had a capital programme, but I was more interested in the congregation than in the proceedings. The children came from all parts of London, and some from country places outside. They were all united in their enjoyment of the afternoon, and in their keenness on the business in hand. And I had a good time in studying them and in hearing them clap and laugh and sing. To end up with, they sang "Fight the Good Fight." And so joyously and so vigorously they sang it, that I felt quite sure there were very many joining in it who really and truly were fighting that fight, and determined to fight always, to fight like Livingstone, the hero we were thinking about recently.

The Man who Meant it

I must not write much more about the meeting, but there was one story told there that I think you would enjoy. The missionary speaker had come home for a holiday from his work in New Guinea. He told us how sad he and his wife had been because all their work, all the telling of the story of Jesus Christ, had seemed hardly any good. The people in the villages around their home just listened, but nothing came of it, so they feared. Then, one day, to their joy, one

man called on the missionary and said: "I take Jesus Christ to be my Chief."

And the white man and woman thanked God, and just helped him all they could. And by and by they took a book and wrote down the name of this man, Haree, as the first native member of Christ's Church in their part of the world. Haree had to pay a very big price for becoming a follower of Jesus Christ; he suffered much persecution, but still he went on trying to get others to love his new "Chief." One day he went to the missionary's house and said to him: "I am going to die. The sorcerer says if I don't stop preaching, he shall kill me."

" And what are you going to do?" asked the missionary.

"Go on preaching," answered Haree.

Three weeks afterwards the missionary was with Haree in his little but, and watched him die; the sorcerer had fulfilled his threat.

There was great sorrow at the missionhouse, for there was not one of the native people to take his place. But they worked on, sometimes weary at heart, because it seemed so useless, as far as they could see.

Another happy day came soon, though. One of the native boys who had been living in the mission compound, attending the school, walked into the missionary's room and shyly handed a note to him. He wanted to run away quickly, but the missionary put a question to him and stopped him. "Who wrote this?" he asked.

"I," replied the lad, who was about six-

The missionary opened it and read. The little letter was pencilled on a sheet torn out of the boy's exercise book, and in it

was just this simple request: "Will you write my name in the book?"

He knew of the Church membership book, and that Haree's name had been the only one written in it, that Haree had died for Jesus Christ's sake, and he wanted to take his place and work for Him. And by and by other boys in the little mission school came wanting their names to be enrolled as His followers, and there was great rejoicing in the hearts of the missionary and his wife, and a happ'er time began to dawn for all their people.

As I listened to the telling of the story, and looked at the faces of hundreds of those boys and girls as they heard it, I wondered how many of them would become heroes of the Cross in far-away countries; and now I wonder if any of you will?

That reminds me, it is quite a long while since we heard from our missionary Companion in the Far West, the Rev. E. V. Lewis. If he sees this, perhaps he will note that we should like to have another of his accounts of the work he is doing, and especially of the Boys' Brigade enterprise.

As I write it is too soon to expect many letters about our May news, but Bertha Tyrrell sent me a note in which she said:

"I read your big secret. It is, indeed, a delightful one. And to think we have now four protégés! I am awfully pleased. Little Philip has a sweet face, I think. . . I intend putting aside part of my weekly pocket-money for the Fund."

Ronald McDonald wrote from Leven, saying: "I was greatly delighted to hear that we had got a new protégé, and I am sure that we would all like to hear from him soon." More of Ronald's news next month.

"How very, very glad I am" (writes Isabel Dobson) "to know that we are able to help another little boy to live a good and happy life. I will do all I can to help to raise the extra twenty guineas that are needed to keep him in the Home."

And Emily Ramsay says: "I am very glad to hear that we have got a new protégé, and I am sending sixpence for him."

Please give a Welcome to these New Members

Dolores M. Kirkly (age 18) lives at Marrickville, near Sydney, New South Wales. She is a typist in the city, and would like to correspond with one or two of our Companions, "It has been raining all day fast and furiously," she writes, "although it is only March, and I have been glad to curl myself up, with The Quiver, near the fire. Am I too old for the Corner? I have anxiously looked for girls my age in your columns, and have read eagerly the letters of all. Australian girls are in some ways older than their English comporaries."

A new friend in Jamaica is Elsie L. ds Costa, who is introduced to us by Marie. She is sixteen.

Betty Welsh is another fifteen-year old Scottish Companion, and lives at Carluke:

"We have taken The Quiver for about six months," she tells me, "but it is only lately that I discovered the H.W.W.C., and since the I have been reading all the back numbers. I must say I am very proud of my discovery, and I think your plan of sending those little children out to Canada, and supporting them, is splendid, so I want to help you all I can; I will also try and get others to join."

Betty is an enthusiastic bee-keeper, and her favourite game is golf. "How many of the Companions play?" she asks.

Cathie Gardner writes from Anstruther:

"I should like to join the Companionship ver much. I think I am the only member here, so I will try and get some of my chums to join. We only started to take The QUIVER in November, so I have only read the Corner since then. I have not got anything saved up for the Fund yet, but hope I son shall have."

It is a pleasure always to welcome new members in Canada, and we have a good number of links with that great country now, besides our Violet and David and Lena. Another girl friend for us all is Winiped M. Griffith Thomas (age 10½), who lives in Toronto. She writes:

"Dear Alison,—I would like very much to become a member of the H.W.W.C. I often read the interesting letters of the Companions in other lands, which I like very much. Would you give me all particulars of the membership cards, and badge, which members have, please? In the April number of The Quiver I noticed that Dorothe Lim offers to tell any Companion about China, and as I am very interested in foreign lands, would you please tell her to write to me about China? Also, please tell her that if she likes I will be so pleased to tell her about Canada. I saw in 'Concerning Correspondents,' that you would act as postman, and would forward our letters, and so I hope you won't mind. I want to try one of the Letter Competitions soon. I wonder if there are any other canadian Companions in Toronto? With love, yours sincerely."

Now for some other letters.

Molly Wallis and Peggy Knapp sent me a postal order for 6s., with two dear little notes. They acted "Red Riding-Hood" for the good of our Fund.

"Molly was the wolf," writes Peggy: "Marjone, Red Riding-Hood: Sonny (their brother, the woodcutter: my little sister, the old woman who was hungry and met Red Riding-Hood: and I was the old grandmother: also, my elder sister drew the

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

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Marjorie, ne woodwho was was the rew the curtain with another of our friends. I think we got quite a nice lot of money."

So I think, Peggy, and we all thank you, and also the friends who helped you. I should like to have seen the play!

Molly tells me about the entertainment, too, and she adds this:

"How are our three children? I am so glad there is another Companion here now. We are thinking of a lovely secret for the Violet Fund. I thank you so much for the badges. We got them quite in time to show the girls."

How long before we can be "let in" to the secret, Molly?

Amy Robinson wrote about those terrible floods, quite near her home, in America:

floods, quite near her home, in America:

"In Omaha," she says, "there has been a terrible tornado, and in Dayton an awful flood. As you don't have tornadoes in England, I will describe this one. One sultry afternoon, some men at a club in Omaha noticed a dark column in the western sky. It grew hearer and nearer, and then they realised it was a tornado. The great column of whirling rain and wind seemed to envelop everything. The club-house shook, and everything turned black. When the worst was over they saw, just a few blocks away, a clean cut through the very midst of their beautiful city. Houses were knocked over, windows shattered, and, worst of all, men, women and children were killed, maimed and left homeless. all in such a short time. Oh, Alison, it is a dreadful thing to think of. The next day we got news of the floods at Dayton, caused by the tornado. Everyone is sending all the help they can, such as food, money, and clothing, but that will only help a little. Many families are separated and ruined. I am so thankful to think we escaned."

Jeanie McLean sends me her first tiny letter:

"It is very nice since Morag joined," she says, "and there are three Companions here. We have a pretty wee calf and some lambs."

You'll be a fine letter-writer when you get bigger, Jeanie, I am thinking. Practise often on me, please.

Arthur Smart sent his quarterly subscription, and a note on some long country rambles he had been enjoying.

From Canada have come letters from Kathleen and Dorothy Collyer, each of whom sent 50 cents for our Fund.

Dorothy gives me an account of the doings of their

of their "lovely pussy, called Fluff. One day, mother told Fluff, before she had her dinner, that she could come and see how baby was. She walked in, and put her paws upon the cradle and looked in, then mother gave her dinner to her. She loves to sleep in the tocking chair, and quite often, when nobody is in the dining-room, she will come in and get up upon it. She goes down by the creek near our house, and sometimes gets three or four mice a day. We call her 'the sporting cat,' because she is out nearly all the time. Generally, she goes down to the barn and stays with the other cats. She knows how to beg, and I am going to teach her how to shake hands. She loves soda biscuits."

I was delighted to see *Eric King-Turner's* handwriting once more. We all hope he has quite recovered from that serious illness:

"My DEAR ALISON," he says, "thank you for your nice letter. I am sending is for the Fund. Will you please accept it with my love? I wish I could send more. My sister is away, or she would send some too, I am sure. Irene has gone to stay with Winnie Adams. I expect she will have a jolly time there. They have a motor-car, and will take her for some rides. Much love from—Eric."

The Cardiff postmark had been a stranger to my Letter-box for some time when *Ida* M. Jones's letter came. She enclosed her own and *Enid's* quarterly subscriptions, and was looking forward to our May news.

"How do you like the present serial, 'Prairie Fires'? I was so fond of 'Four Gates,' and sometimes I feel impatient with Hilary, and would like her to be like Audrey, although I think she has a noble character, and the tale will end 'and they were happy ever after."

Frances Boston was another whose frequent letters I had missed. It was a pleasure to receive one at last. I hope the old regularity will be continued. She refers to our children in Canada, and then says:

"It is so nice to feel that we all help these little ones to grow up into good citizens. I saw a paragraph, which struck me very forcibly, in the 'Shaftesbury Magazine,' this month. It referred to a little slum girl, neglected in her early childhood, and practically abandoned, whose descendants have all turned out criminals, absolutely worthless to their country; so one child removed from a present evil atmosphere may be saving the State much expense in years to come."

To the many whose letters are unmentioned I would say, "Thank you." And especially I thank a kind, unknown reader who sent a length of lace to be sold for our Fund, and a very cheering note with it. I wish the sender would write, that I might acknowledge her gift personally. The postmark was blurred, but it looked like "Oxford,"

The July Letter Prizes

are won by two of our Junior Companions, Dorothy Collyer (London, Ontario; age $9\frac{1}{2}$), from whose long letter I have made a quotation, and Marian Hardy (age 10; Norwich).

Marian writes:

"I enclose is, for the Fund. My sister is going to join later on. We are going to Tunbridge Wells in our holidays. There is a spring of iron water there

"There is a spring or troil water there which has been rising 200 years . . . "There are some funny, old-fashioned houses in Norwich. One is called 'The Strangers' Hall.' There is old-fashioned furniture, which people go to see. There is a funny old bicycle and a snap-dragon, which a man got into (in the olden days), and walked round the street getting boys' caps, and they had to pay a penny to get them back.

"There is also a beautiful castle museum, with a lot of birds and animals. I have never been down to the dungeons. I think I told you before that I go to the High School here. The school keeps a cot at the Jenny Lind Hospital, by having an entertainat the Jenny Lind Hospital, by having an entertainment everty year, and this year we are going to have a sale of work. We have to get £30 a year. We have school companies now for games like net-ball, hockey, etc., Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. I am a Saxon, and Joan is a Dane. The school magazine comes out every term; it is called 'Parvum in Multo, meaning 'Little in much.'"

Both prize-winners have taken pains to make their letters interesting, and they are carefully written. Bravo, Dorothy and Marian. I hope you will like the books.

The Month's Competition Prize

is being sent to Arthur Smart (age 16: Birmingham). I really was most disappointed in the contributions to the Ideal School Competition. There were very few of them, to begin with. Several wrote so much that their papers were made ineligible, and there was very little use of imagination in them. Does it mean that you are all so completely satisfied with your present schools that you could not think of anything more " ideal "? Elsie Hibberd made one or two good points, but was far too lengthy. And Mildred Thorp sent in some interesting paragraphs. Have you been reading "The Princess" recently, Mildred? After careful consideration, the paper I have mentioned seemed the only one to which it was possible to award a prize, You can read his paper now for yourselves:

MY IDEAL SCHOOL

If I were a schoolmaster, I should, of course, want mine to be a "model" school—a school where lessons were put in such an attractive style that it would be a pleasure and not a burden to learn, where the masters and boys co-operated for the good of the school, and where the health of the scholars would be well looked after.

should employ a different method of teaching from what I have seen employed. The lessons should from what I have seen employed. The lessons should be made as interesting as possible, and what is sometimes called the "dry-as-dust" style of teaching should be avoided. Geography, for instance, should not only consist of learning names of towns, rivers and lakes, and the population of towns and heights of mountains, but a great deal of stress should be laid on the manners and customs of the people, their trades, the scenery, and the general conditions under which they live. This would not only make the study of geography more interesting, but the infor-mation should prove of greater use to the boys when they grow older. This system should be employed in every branch of learning.

If possible, I should try to make use of the cinematograph as a means of teaching. There are great possibilities in the emematograph, for there is no doubt that such lessons as geography or history could be taught with much greater ease with this

In my school I should not only have the usual classes, but should also have special classes for the teaching of trades, such as engineering, carpentry and the like. These could not fail to be useful to the boys when they have left school. These classes of course, be optional—that is, the boys could take them up only if they wished.

have already mentioned that in my school ! I have already mentioned that in my school I would try to get the masters and boys to co-operate together. This could only be done by the master mingling with the boys, and becoming as one of themselves. Of course, there should be a certain reserve on the masters' part, but it should not be carried too far. This brings me to another point: A master has a great deal of influence on the lives of this evolutions of the chemical was it by the rest. A master has a great deal of minutes on the mes of his scholars, and he should use it to their god. The moral side of the boys' lives should not be neglected. It is the duty of every master to live a good moral life, as an example to his scholar.

The schoolrooms of to-day contain the British

The schoolrooms of to-day contain the British nation of the years to come, and a great deal depends on the teachers as to what it will be.

The conditions under which the scholars are taught should be healthy. Of course, under the regulations laid down by the authorities, this cannot otherwise but be the case. It would be to the advantage of the boys, however, if a good gymnasium was tage of the boys, however, if a good gryinnasum was attached to the school, and good playing fields had out. Athletics should play a part in every boy's life, although the desire for sport should be kept under control, and should not become an overwhelming passion. Athletics would become an aid to study if used in the right way.

The object of schools should not only be to educate and instruct, but to turn out healthy-moralled, athletic young men, ready to take a stand in the battle of life, and ready "to do or die."

All about my Holiday Haunt

When you receive this letter most of you will be beginning to think of packing up for seaside and country holidays. I shall look forward to hearing from very many of you again this year about your fun and pleasures. The Senior prizes for the two months will be for the most interesting letters about your holidays, and the places you visit. Let me see what delightful accounts you can write. You might try to make me really want to spend a holiday where you spend this year's. Give me a fine geography lesson, please,

Will the Juniors (those under 12 years) make a collection of texts from the Bible which mention the sea or the mountains? Choose which subject you prefer. Then find all the verses you can that refer to it; copy them neatly, put in the reference, and send your papers to me before August 31st.

And you will remember our motto these holidays, will you not? There will be such lots of chances for all of you on wet days, and fine ones too, to put it into practice. That is the best recipe for a most truly happy holiday that I can give you. Try it, and tell how it works flason.

Your affectionate Companion,

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FINALITY IN THE CURE OF FATNESS

THIS was never attained until the discovery of that priceless product Antipon a few years ago. As a proof of this, all the old-time remedies (so-called) have gone by the board; and the few modern adaptations of those specious compounds are gradually disappearing. Antipon is now

regarded as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of over-fatness and obesity. and is almost equally esteemed for its wonderful tonic properties.

"I am grateful to you for the great benefit I have derived from Antipon," writes a correspondent from Devonport. "It is a marvellous remedy. I was 13st. 51b. before taking the course, and have lost 2st. 2lb., and am very fit in consequence. I do not hesitate for a moment to state this valuable discovery is the only permanent cure for obesity, and an exrellent tonic as

The proprietors of Antipon have received hundreds of letters in this strain, the originals of which may be seen at their offices.

Obese persons who have tortured themselves for any length of time with futile starving and drugging treatments, and have reaped nothing but disappointment and enfeebled health, find on turning to the simple and pleasant Antipon treatment something which is of a very different character-a treatment which, with the help of wholesome food in proper abundance, reinvigorates the run-down system, enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, whilst rapidly reducing the superfluous fat from every part of the body where its presence spoils beauty of form; it also roots out the excessfat that interferes with the functions of the vital organs.

Antipon restores efficiency to the whole

digestive system, promotes appetite, and so ensures that perfect nutrition which is essential to beauty, health, and vigour. With the removal of all needless fat the shape becomes perfect, because all the fleshy parts will have regained the firmness and perfection of line due to muscular development. The process is therefore reconstructive as well as beautify-

There is a decrease of from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night. When normal symmetry and weight are retained the Antipon treatment is no longer necessary, for it will be

found that the tendency to grow fat has been quite suppressed. Antipon contains only pure vegetable substances in a harmless liquid distillation.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or in the event of difficulty may be had (on remitting amount) privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world.



"It seems absurd that only a short time ago it was necessary to have one this size for my bodices."

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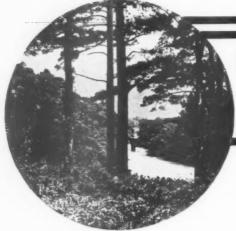
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MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY.

TO take all the adjectives expressive of loveliness and beauty that the dictionary affords and to weave them into one grand composite word would be no greater a task than it is to find one already made that is fitted to rightly and justly describe the charms of the South-Western Coast of dear old Ireland.

Even to think of some of the entrancing spots in that Eldorado of loveliness and peace, to see their names in print, or to hear the mention of them in train, tram, or office, is quite enough to make one all at once feel weary of work, with an accompanying longing to drop daily tasks and to hie oneself away to the Euston Terminus, or to that of Paddington, here in London, to book a seat in the Irish Express.

How many a weary worker, an over-taxed

South-Western Ireland

For Beauty and Sunshine.

A REFLEX OF PARADISE

professional man, a patient convalescent from a semiillness, that has so done, can testify to the working efficacy of the delightful scenery, the peaceful evironment and the mild but invigorating tonic of the air to bring back to them the temporarily warm "joys of living."

Strange it is, how few people have really for the selves viewed and enjoyed the loveliness of the islet-spotted and crannied coastland; and yet it is a easily reached nowadays by the quick-tunning in comfortable expresses of the Great Southern it Western Railway, whose main line runs from Dubt through Cork to Queenstown, with branches through Cork to Queenstown, and the entrancing trict of Killarney.

Happy may be the man who elects to explore the lovely district of Killarney, with its famous like grand mountains, and beauteous waterfalls. And and about him will be some of the choices won of Nature in all her varied arts. A magnifice combination, at once entrancing to the eye as it captivating to the sense of delight and pleasure the swell out in admiration of the glorious environment. Here are sights and scenery such as can scarely the found in any other part of the British Isles. Substitute it is difficult to describe by words alone—the must be seen to be properly enjoyed.

Readers would do we to write to the Gran Southern and Western Railway, at their office in Dublin, for their illutrated booklets descriptive of this bewitching terr tory, wherein will also be found particulars concern ing dear little Parknasill a charming spot sheliere in a lovely nook under the protection of a mountain one of the most appropriate hiding-places to those who enjoy peak quiet, and charming sotude with Nature. wondrous place, too, i the invalid, the conviccent, and the man who "just a bit run down

Address your lettersing for these bookles the Tourist Office, kirphridge Station, Desir, and you will find the sent to you without a charge, both willinging quickly. F. B.



PARKNASILLA.
Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

What Price Happiness?

It is said that when a lady has a comic paper-like Punch-presented to her on a journey, she first reads all the advertisements, glances at the pictures, then carefully folds it up to give to some of her menfolk. This may be, but it is scarcely the way with men. They first take in the

pictures, then glance at the reading matter, and turn to something else. Often as not

they forget the advertisements.

It is otherwise with me; I love to dawdle over the advertisements, knowing, as I do, the backbone they make for such serials. Not that I regard THE QUIVER as being precisely of the class alluded to: far from it; but it interests me to see the gentle guidance it gives its readers to the things they are longing after. When one of its announcements, then, offers more than a couple of thousand pounds for a manifestation of happiness along the line of photography, my pen involuntarily wriggles to give a lift to such an altogether meritorious object.

I, too, with so many hundreds of thousands in these lands, am an amateur photographer. But I have hitherto abstained from sending any of my works to the salons for exhibition. Not because I am altogether diffident of their merits; the last plate I develop is always one of the finest I have seen, and it requires considerable self-control to deny a gilded frame and honoured place on the walls for the print that comes from it. If anything deters me from exploiting my work in the exhibitions, I fancy it must be but one of two reasons-first, a rooted dislike to spoil somebody else's chance; and next, and perhaps chiefly, because my rare skill is always haunted by my professional spirit. As a minister, it is my duty to inculcate humility, and in this my hobby faithfully supports me, for whenever I take the portrait of a friend he admits he will never lift up his head again.

But others may not be tethered by this dutiful professionalism, and they will, without a doubt, study carefully the terms of the offer made by the Kodak Company. Hitherto happiness, like virtue, has been considered its own reward, but now that a golden premium is put on it, we may expect sunshine in the darkest home, and song and laughter exuding from the heaviest hearts.

The thing to secure is the happy time and occasion. I have had my share of both,

extensive and peculiar, though tastes differ. But whatever pictures are made, must, I judge, be of a kind that will appeal to every heart. Built differently as we all are, and inheriting different ideals and experiences, it is here, I expect, the real difficulty will lie.

Children and Happiness

Let me, then, make a suggestion. Over the whole world, and with people of every class, happiness seems somehow to be most at home with children. If you doubt this, ask a mother, ask a father, ask any normal man or woman. They are the little elves who, from the beginning, have yielded most genuine happiness to the world.

And when these children are weak and pained as a rule, yet have their glorious times of joy and fun and frolic-like the sun bursting through dark clouds-then I defy all the caterers for happiness on earth to provide anything like what is shed out

in these moments.

Which naturally turns my heart to the poor little cripples of London. These are not usually very picturesque, not usually very merry or bright, but when they have their chance—when they get some outing which brings them face to face with the Wonder-world-then, I say, in all the earth none are so happy, and none shed such happiness on every onlooker, The very contrast between their new state and new condition and their old, dull life, drags us all back to the gates of Paradise.

And now is the time to give them their chance. It is summer, when the trees are burgeoned with their green flags, the flowers are waving their welcome to the children, the grass is spreading itself softly for lamed feet, and everything God has made is spelling happiness for the bairns. Of your grace, I pray you, give something to help these little suffering things into the country for a day or a fortnight. The cost is so small-10d. for a day, or 10s. 6d. for a fortnight, with food, conveyance, and everything else

provided.

But do more; bring your camera, and take the opportunity, if you can, of accompanying the children on their outing, if you would photograph in your heart or on your dry plate some of the finest samples of happiness you shall ever find. The picture

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THE QUIVER

you get on the plate may be completely developed in fifteen minutes, but the one you have taken on your heart will go on developing all your days, growing fairer and sweeter at every stage.

All further particulars about the great work that is being done by the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., by whom also all contributions sent for the Children's Holiday will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss E. Child, Raynes Park, Surrey: Mr. Donald R. Clarke, Brussels, Belgium: Miss Katherine Coates, Chingford, Essex; Miss Phyllis Colvil, Leazes, New-Miss Katherine Coates. castle-on-Tyne.

Master Davis (Scouts), Lewisham, London, S.E.;

Mrs. Drury, Derby.
Mrs. Drury, Derby.
Miss Fitcher, Melbourne, Australia; Mrs. A.
Forrest, Wellington, New Zealand; Miss Beryl
Foster, Auckland, New Zealand.

Miss Dorothy Gall, Ontario, Canada. Miss Katie Hall, Remuera, New Zealand; Miss

Dorothy M. Hawkins, New Field, Kenilworth: Miss Eunice Horne, St. Vincent, B.W.I.; Min Effic Howse, Glasgow, N.B.

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Miss Florence Lindsay, Ilford, Essex: Miss R. Doris Low, Ampthill, Beds.

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Master Leslie Repson, Learnington, Warwickshire, Miss A. Rogers, Ashbridge, Herts.

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11. Fine lingerie made: hand or machine, Ladies' or children's garments. (St. Bees.) 12. Sewing wanted. Excellent mender. (Bridgnorth.)

13. Orders wanted for typewriting. (Bristol.)

14. Babies' and dolls' clothes made. Everything of the finest, and by hand. (Hull.)

15. Plain and fine underwear. Children's garments. Hand or machine. (Harlow.) 16. (Miss G. H., York.) No details sent.

17. Babies' things knitted. Plain lingeries. Embroidery and monograms. (London, W.) 18. Plain underwear made. Crochet of

all kinds. (Plumstead.)

19. Knitting of any kind. (Dundee.) 20. Home-made sweets of every sort, Price list. (Stamford Hill.)

21. Pen-painting and stencilling. (Stamford Hill.)

22. Post as housekeeper wanted. London if possible. (Wolverhampton.)

23. Orders wanted for crochet, knitting and kaffir basket work cross-stitch (Worthing.)

24. Tooled leather work. Various articles, suitable presents, bazaars. (Hailsham.)

RULES

The rules of the Guild are as follows:

1. Any reader who is a bona fide home worker-i.e. does not work for the trade, or earn a living by her work-is eligible. 2. The annual subscription is one shilling.

3. A register is kept in which the names and addresses of all Guild members are inserted, together with particulars of the kind of work they undertake, or, if employers, the kind of work they offer.

4. "Winifred" reserves the right of refusing membership to any applicant at her

own discretion.

5. Each member of the Guild has a number, and the numbers will be published

monthly in the magazine.

Replies to notices must be enclosed in a blank, stamped, unfastened envelope, with the Guild number at the left top corner. This must be placed in another envelope addressed to "Winifred," who will forward the letter to its destination.

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JULY 6th. THE CHILD MOSES SAVED FROM DEATH

Exodus i. 8-14, 22 to ii. 10

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NOHAM.

Points to Emphasise: (1) The affliction of the Israelites. (2) The King's decree and the birth of Moses. (3) A mother's love and its reward.

THE lesson presents a powerful illustration of the fact that God watches over His own, and that He preserves them from evil, no matter how mighty is the enemy that opposes His purpose. Judged from the human standpoint, it seemed impossible for this child to escape the fate of the other Hebrew male babies, but Moses was destined by God for a particular work, and "man is immortal till his work is done."

Helping the Divine Plan

Although she did not know it, Moses' mother was helping the Divine plan.

Kara, an Indian girl, fearing slavery and worse, appealed to a missionary—a teacher from another village - to take her home with her. The teacher said, "We have no vacant room and no money to build more." Although too proud to cry, Kara's sad look appealed to the teacher, who said, "You pray to God to enable us to take you. I, too, will pray." On reaching home that night the missionary found a letter from a friend in the homeland containing a sum of money. With this encouragement a messenger was sent early next morning for Kara. It was a long journey, but later in the day the messenger returned with the girl, who, it appeared, was half-way towards the missionary's village when the messenger met her. "You see," she said, by way of explanation, "we both prayed to God, so I thought I might as well start."

Holding On

The King's decree was against her, and it seemed impossible to save the life of her baby boy, but still Moses' mother held on, clinging to the hope that in some way her child might be saved.

Lord Palmerston was once speaking to a famous French statesman on the comparative merits of European soldiers. "French soldiers are the bravest in the world," claimed the Frenchman. "Ours are not the bravest in the world," replied Palmerston, "but they are brave for a quarter of an hour longer than any others."

It is that extra quarter of an bour that

tells. Many men have faith, but they fail because they do not hold on long enough.

JULY 13th. MOSES PREPARED FOR HIS WORK

Exodus ii. 11-25. Acts vii. 17-29. Hebrews xi. 23-27

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Moses' flight from Egypt. (2) In exile. (3) Moses a type of the faithful.

Commenting on the incidents related in the lesson, Bishop Hall points out that in Egypt Moses delivered the oppressed Israelite in Midian, the wronged daughter of Jethro. "A good man will be doing good, wheresoever he is; no adversity can make a good man

neglect good duties." In his essay on Mazzini, F. W. H. Myers observes that "in men who have risen to wide-reaching power we generally observe an early preponderance of one of two instincts—the instinct of rule and order, or the instinct of sympathy." The latter he illustrates from the great Italian's life as "Mazzini as a child was very delicate. When he was about six years old For the he was taken for his first walk. first time he saw a beggar, a venerable old man. He stood transfixed, then broke from his mother, threw his arms round the beggar's neck and kissed him, crying, 'Give him something, mother; give him something.' 'Love him well, lady,' said the aged man; 'he is one who will love the people.'"

God's Open Door

In preparing His workmen for the tasks awaiting them, God frequently adopts methods that seem strange and difficult to understand. But His ways and His methods are always best.

Forty years ago Japan was so distrustful of foreigners admitted to her seaport towns that the first missionaries found it almost impossible to get anyone to teach them the Japanese language. One man employed a private teacher, and after some time discovered that what he was learning was a dialect of one of the smaller islands, and not the language of the main body of the people at all. In vain he looked about for another teacher. One evening, without thought of personal safety, he drove away some robbers who were attacking a man outside his door. The man proved to be a Japanese noble, and in his gratitude to the missionary offered

him as a reward anything that he should name. "Teach me your language," said the missionary. "Anything but that," replied the nobleman, feeling that he had promised what perhaps he had no right to perform. But the missionary persisted, and after consideration the nobleman came next day to give the first lesson—the entering wedge of Christianity in Japan, for that missionary was the translator of the New Testament into Japanese.

JULY 20th. MOSES CALLED TO DELIVER ISRAEL

Exodus iii. 1 to iv. 20

Points to Emphasise: (1) The miracle of the burning bush. (2) God's call to Moses. (3) Back to Egypt.

Obedience to the Call

Moses was not very willing to obey the call of God that came to him out of the burning bush. Dr. Campbell Morgan tells that a woman once came to him at the close of a service and said, "Oh, I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here in winning men and women to Christ; but I do not know what to do." "Are you prepared," asked Dr. Morgan, " to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you possess?" Her reply was that she did not know she had five loaves and two fishes. At last, in answer to further inquiry, it transpired that the woman could sing, and, under persuasion, she promised to consecrate that talent to the Lord. "I shall never forget that Sabbath evening," says Dr. Morgan; "she sang the Gospel message, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry-room one man. The man said to me afterwards that it was the Gospel as it was sung which reached his heart. And that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and country I have ever known. How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had."

"Many years ago," writes Froude, "I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking, and rising out of the grey waters a line of cliffs was visible, the white houses of a town, and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple

of that place where God opened my mouth in public to His glory, and I know, how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place.' That place was St. Andrews; that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he came back, and did glorify God in this place and others also."

JULY 27th. MOSES' REQUEST REFUSED

Exodus iv. 29 to vi. 1

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POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh. (2) Heavier oppression for the Israelites. (3) God's reassurance to Moses.

The Ministry of Difficulties

It was no easy task with which Moses had been entrusted, but behind Him was a

mighty Helper. Lord Kelvin used to say to his students, when an experiment failed, "Gentlemen, when you meet a difficulty you are on the eve of a discovery." Difficulties have been called the sentinels that guard God's treasure. The Almighty sometimes closes a door in order that men may the better train their muscles in prising it open. There were difficulties in the way that prevented the Israelites marching easily out of the land of their oppression, but in overcoming these difficulties the power of God was manifested as it would not have been had the way been smooth and easy.

The Divine Instruments

The life of Moses is an illustration of the fact that God is always using men-some times men of humble life-to aid His great plans. Sun Yat Sen, the Christian leader in China, who had a friend in London, Dr. James Cantlie, was imprisoned in the Chinese Embassy in the West End. He was only able to communicate the fact of his imprisonment by means of a message conveyed by a woman, the wife of one of the embassy servants. It is said that the note was concealed in a coal scuttle which this woman removed from the room. She took pity on the imprisoned man, and was able to communicate with his outside friends. If it had not been accomplished the recent history of China might have been altered. But often by people of no particular ability the world's course is shaped under God's good hand.

The great thing is to be ready for service, and to be obedient to the Divine call.





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It is nothing less than the discovery of a wonderfully simple, yet scientific method for restoring perfect eyesight to the weak-sighted and bringing

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Everybody who for the first time is told about the new discovery is eagerly asking, "Will it do my sight good?"

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What the great German oculists have so long held as the principal theory in connection with the cure of eyesight troubles has at last been made practicable,

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Already a great many men and women of fifty, sixty, or seventy years

XXV

write stating they can once again see clearly, Their tired eyes are restrengthened, and they need no longer have recourse to their old glasses,

Mr. Levison has thought how he could best reply to the great number of eyesight sufferers who have written to him in order to let them know exactly what his discovery is and how it may be

adopted, and he has now prepared printed particufars which may be obtained either by calling on Mr. Levison personally or by writing to him at The Levison Eyesight Institute, 64 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

Naturally, Mr. John Levison has already communicated his discovery to the scientific Press, and that old-fashioned and authoritative medical journal, the "Family Doctor," warmly approves of his clever discovery, and after a full investigation of his work, advises all who have weak or failing sight to send for the particulars he is for the time being prepared to send to anyone

who will write him, enclosing 1d. stamp for reply. For your convenience the form below may be filled in and posted for particulars of the new discovery, which has proved so successful in curing weak and failing sight and eye troubles of all descriptions. Sending this involves no charge or obligation whatever.



St. Paul's as it should St. Paul's as it is seen by millions of the short-sighted. be seen by everyone.

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